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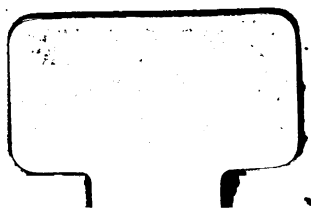

...ers' Hall.]

...tica Sanctorum

OR

HYMNS

FOR THE

...ck Letter Saints' Days

IN THE

...SH AND SCOTTISH CALENDARS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

...ew Hymns for Special Occasions.

"...y delight is upon the Saints that are in the earth, and upon such as excel in virtue."

Edinburgh:
...INTING COMPANY, JOHNSTON TER...

London:
...S & Co., NEW BOND STREET, W...

1880.

147. g. 726.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

Cantica Sanctorum

OR

HYMNS

FOR THE

Black Letter Saints' Days

IN THE

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH CALENDARS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Few Hymns for Special Occasions.

"*All my delight is upon the Saints that are in the earth, and upon such as excel in virtue.*"

Edinburgh:
ST. GILES' PRINTING COMPANY, JOHNSTON TERRACE.

London:
MASTERS & Co., NEW BOND STREET, W

1880.

147. g. 726.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY ST. GILES' PRINTING COMPANY,
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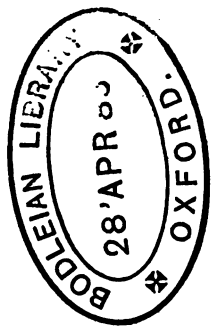

PREFACE.

DR. NEALE'S beautiful sermons for the Minor Festivals (Black Letter Saints' Days) may be said to have first brought prominently before English Churchmen a knowledge of the almost unknown mine of poetry lying beneath their feet, at the very entrance of the Book of Common Prayer of the English and Scottish Communions. Both at home and in Canada and the Colonies of late years, the histories and legends connected with these Saints of the ancient Church, often full of beautiful moral and mystical significance, have found expression in poems and verses of different design and merits.

No systematic attempt, however, has been made to put forth a complete Hymnal Version of them, as supplementary to the Hymnals already in use.

The book now offered to Churchmen does contain such an attempt.

Hymns are here published for all the Minor

Festivals of both Calendars (English and Scottish), together with a few others for different occasions which seemed likely to be useful in a supplementary volume such as this, intended primarily for practical use in the services of the Sanctuary, and the Mission Chapel.

The volume, being thus supplementary to Hymnals already in use, contains, for the most part, Hymns and Sequences never before published, or never published in a collected form. Having seen many of the Hymns in manuscript, and expressed much admiration of them to the Editor, I was asked to write a short preface by way of introduction, and to compose a few special Hymns for the collection. I have felt much honoured by the request, and shall watch with great interest the publication of this work, which will, I hope, prove an acceptable addition to our existing Hymnals.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

Eastertide, 1880.

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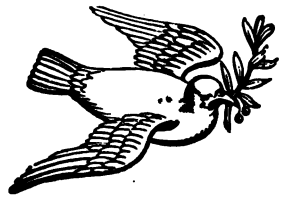

PART I.

HYMNS

FOR THE

SAINTS OF THE ENGLISH CALENDAR.

NOTE 1.

Many of the details and touches from legends embodied in the Hymns for the Calendar of the Church of England, will be found in a useful little book, price 1s. 6d., entitled "Notes Ecclesiological and Historical on the Holy Days of the English Church," published by the Church Printing Company, 11 Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

HYMNS.

S. Lucian.—*Jan. 8.*

1 *And for all Saints of whom little is known.*
6 of 8.

RIGHT dear to God are all the Saints
In whom His wondrous grace is shown;
But, O, the dearest of them all
Are surely those on earth unknown!
So let us hymn to-day the Saints,
The unknown Saints, the Saints unknown!

Their names are written in God's Book,
A noble roll in glory shown,
Here noted with uncertainty,
In pages dim, in dwellings lone;
But, O, to-day we hymn the Saints,
The unknown Saints, the Saints unknown!

Theirs is the mystic name, and theirs
The awful white mysterious stone,
And theirs the hidden manna blest,
The secrets read by them alone;
O, hymn to-day the unknown Saints,
The unknown Saints, the Saints unknown!

Lord, bring us home in glory bright,
With all on whom Thy grace hath shone,

And lead us to the land where we
Shall know as we are now well known,
And praise with all Thy ransomed Saints,
The known and the dear Saints unknown.
Amen.

S. Hilary.—*Jan. 13.*

2 *And for all Doctors of The Church.* S.M

O WISDOM of our God!
We praise Thy Name to-day,
For all the Doctors of Thy Church
Who kept Thy Truth alway.

Full of the Light of Faith,
By Thy Blest Spirit's Power,
They shone like stars amid the night
Of error's darkest hour.

Right bravely did they fight
And earnestly contend;
That Faith delivered, once for all,
They kept unto the end.

And faithful unto death,
They won their blest renown,
The brightness of the Firmament,
The shining starry Crown.

O Wisdom of our God!
Do Thou for ever guide
The holy Doctors of Thy Church,
The guardians of Thy Bride.

That they may ever keep,
E'en to their latest breath,
Thy Truth, and ever more be found
Still faithful unto death.

To Thee, the Only Wise,
Be everlasting praise;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our thankful hymn we raise. Amen.

S. Prisca.—*Jan. 18.*

3 S.M.

WHEN Daniel, greatly loved,
Into the den was cast,
God sent His holy Angel down,
And held the lions fast.

He closed their angry mouths
By His Almighty Word;
And thus His faithful servant knew
The wonders of the Lord.

And so, our God, to-day
We see Thy Martyr stand,
Surrounded by her enemies
And foes on every hand.

The lion is let loose—
She fears not death to meet—
When, lo! to all a wonder great,
He croucheth at her feet.

Our God is still the same,
He still regards His own,
And unto all who trust in Him
Is His salvation shown.

And though, at length, the sword
Set Thy dear Martyr free,
It did but open out the path
That leadeth straight to Thee.

Then may we humbly bear
Our cross, with courage calm,
That we, with Thy blest Saint, may grasp
Our Lily and our Palm.

To Christ, the Martyr's King,
Be praise and glory given,
With Saints above and Saints below,
And Angel hosts in heaven. Amen.

S. Fabian.—*Jan. 20.*

4 S.M.

IN Rome's great city old,
The Church was met to choose
A Bishop for the House of God,
That none her grace might lose.

And to the council grave
A stranger that day came,
And yet none knew from whence he was,
His country, or his name.

And as he stood unknown,
In legend thus, 'tis said,
A gentle snowy Dove came down,
Alighting on his head.

Then all, with one accord,
Raised up their thankful voice :
They knew the holy stranger there,
To bethe Spirit's choice.

In sanctity he lived,
A Martyr's death he died ;
And now for evermore he rests
At his dear Master's side.

O Lord, send on us still
Thy Pentecostal power,
And help us evermore to watch
Thy guiding Hand each hour.

To love the stranger now
That we, perchance, may gain
An Angel, unawares, for guest
In him we entertain.

And guide the Churches still,
That in each holy see
A Fabian may for ever rule,
The Spirit's gift from Thee.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
Both now and through the endless years,
To all eternity. Amen.

S. Agnes.—*Jan. 21.*

5 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

SEE ! the crystal dewdrops,
Radiant on the grass :
How they smile and sparkle,
Quiv'ring as we pass !
In the early morning,
At the break of day,
Ere the golden sunlight
Draws them far away.

Hark ! the matin carol
Riseth sweet on high,
As the lark still higher
Soareth through the sky !
In the early morning,
At the break of day,
Gladly far she wingeth
From this earth away.

So the saintly Agnes,
As towards heaven she drew,
Sang in wondrous praises
Her One Lord and True;
In the early morning,
At the break of day,
Ere the sun of this world
Lured her far away.

Thus the holy maiden,
As pure dewdrop lies
On the verdant pastures,

Bright in Paradise :
In the early morning,
At the break of day
Christ, her Lord and Saviour,
Call'd His child away.

Or, perchance, He led her
By the Martyr's stair,
To the fadeless radiance,
To the glories there :
In the Endless Morning,
The Eternal Day,
Where the Christ's full radiance
Shineth aye and aye.

This we know not, Agnes ;
But we surely know
Thou dost follow closely
Where thy Lord doth go :
Thou the lamb-like maiden,
In Eternal Day,
Followest in glory
Christ, the Lamb, alway.

May we follow closely
In life's early morn,
In pure hymns and praises
Greet the day new born :
So in early morning,
At the break of day,
Jesus, too, may call us—
"Rise and come away." Amen.

S. Vincent.—*Jan. 22.*

6 4 of 7.

BRIGHT among the Martyr host,
Vincent, prince-like, seems to stand,
Saint so young and beautiful,
With a palm-branch in his hand.

Aaron-like he tends the Saint
Who is old and slow of speech;
He is constant on his knees,
Vincent, ever apt to teach.

But the heathen fiercely rage,
None their cruelty may quell,
None, save God, but stronger He,
Stronger than the powers of Hell.

They, in wrath, may do their worst,
Evil angels sending down;
But pure spirits take their place,
Bearing high the golden crown.

So at every turn our God
Shows to us the guerdon bright—
How we may, if faithful found,
Triumph o'er the powers of night.

Blessed Vincent saw beyond
Torture hour and darkness drear;
And the hope before him set,
Soothed his pain and quelled his fear.

Yes! the worst is over now,
All the pain and anguish deep—

As they lift him from the ground—
Jesu's Martyr falls asleep.

Thus his happy spirit flies
To the Home of Life and Light,
To the Presence of his Lord,
'Mid the throng of Angels bright.

There, O Christ, may we be found,
With the Saints and Angel Host,
Praising through the endless years
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

S. Blasius.—*Feb. 3.*

7 S.M

LIGHT of the world, do Thou
Shine in our hearts, we pray,
That we the teaching may discern
Of this bright festal day.

A "burning shining light"
Was he to-day we sing,
A Martyr-Saint, he swiftly reached
The Presence of the King.

And other holy souls
With him Christ's Name confest,
E'en little ones were faithful found
Thus entering into rest.

As stars in darkest night,
They shine to guide us still,
Where pain, nor tears, nor sorrow come,
But joys their spirits fill.

Lord, help us that our light
May ever brightly shine,
That we, in every thought and deed,
May still be wholly Thine.

To Thee, O Light of Light,
Be laud and honour given
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise in earth and heaven. Amen.

S. Agatha.—*Feb. 5.*

8 C.M.

SHE cometh, weeping on her way,
The Saint so young and fair;
And that her Lord may strengthen her,
Is her one constant prayer.

For all around are cruel foes,
Sore pain and bitter grief;
No friend is found to comfort her,
Or bring her sweet relief.

Not one on earth; but Jesus trod
Erewhile that lonesome way—
Each footprint traced in light shall guide
His following Saint to-day.

Though weeping on her weary way,
She beareth precious seed ;
And surely she will come again,
And bring her sheaves indeed.

Each crimson drop of life-blood shed
For Christ and for His Word,
Is of the Church the fruitful seed,
In tears sown for the Lord.

And there shall come a glorious day,
The last great Harvest Feast,
When Christ shall gather all His own,
The greatest and the least.

O Jesu, that we may be found
With Thee in that great day,
Help us to tread the thorny path
When Thou dost lead the way.

Help us to tread where Saints have trod,
According to Thy Will ;
And as we strive to follow on,
O be Thou with us still.

Till with the Saints above, below,
And all the Angel host,
We laud and praise the Father, Son,
And God the Holy Ghost. Amen.

S. Valentine.—*Feb. 14.*

9 C.M.

O MARTYR of the love of God!
Thy name, to-day, how sweet!
'Tis fragrant with celestial grace,
All learnt at Jesu's feet.

The heavy chains upon thy hands
Are chains and bands of love,
Which won for thee a sure reward,
Through Christ in bliss above.

For lo! the Martyr Saints were tried,
By trouble sore and grief;
And thou didst tend and comfort them
With gentle kind relief.

And thus, on this day, Valentine
In chains of love doth stand,
Holding on high his crosier staff,
His palm-branch in his hand.

Bishop and Martyr both is he,
But most the Saint of Love,
The Saint of Holy Charity,
In perfect light above.

There Faith is lost in endless bliss:
There Hope is satisfied;
But greatest, best of all, is Love,
For ever to abide.

So, year by year, S. Valentine
In chains of love doth stand,
Holding on high his crozier staff,
His palm-branch in his hand.

O Thou Whose very Name is Love,
Be with us evermore;
And send Thy Blessed Spirit down,
Thy gifts on us to pour,

Give us of all Thy Gifts the Best,
O Blessed One in Three,
That grace enclosing every grace,
Thy Holy Charity. Amen.

S. David.—*March 1.*

10 7. 6. 7. 6 8. 8.

S. DAVID'S spotless lily
To-day is blooming sweet,
And, with its fragrance, drawing
Pure souls at Jesu's feet,
To follow by the path He trod,
Near and still nearer to their God.

O spotless virgin lily!
Sweet flower of early youth,
Blest sign of consecration
To Jesus Christ in truth;
The chief among ten thousand He,
The King of virgin purity.

'Tis thus He calls His chosen
As with a shepherd's voice,
They, well-content to follow,
In that blest call rejoice;
What, though the path be hard and rough!
He goes before, and 'tis enough.

Enough! yes, though the pathway
Be set with sharpest thorn,
Enough! though heavy shadows
Hide the Eternal Morn;
He leadeth on to pastures green,
Through pearly gates of glorious sheen.

And still He leads them onward,
The spotless Lamb of God,
That white-robed vast procession
All ransom'd by His Blood,
With waving palms and triumph song,
Where'er He goes they move along.

The thorns are changed to lilies,
The Cross into the Crown,
The clouds are lost in radiance
Of Sun that goes not down;
There, weary feet at length find rest,
There, souls repose on Jesu's Breast.

O fear not Spouse of Jesus,
The lily among thorns,
Christ weareth in the chaplet
That aye His Brow adorns;
The souls that follow where He trod
Shall dwell for ever with their God.

O Christ, our Master, lead us,
And draw us to Thy Side,
That in that sacred shelter
We ever may abide;
That riven Heart whence full and free,
Floweth all grace and sanctity. Amen

S. Chad.—*March 2.*

11 6 of 7.

ROUND the Altar brethren four,
Serve for Jesus night and day,
Pleading aye The Sacrifice,
Faithful still to watch and pray;
Two He calleth, higher still,
In the guidance of His Will.

One, the meek and gentle Saint
Whom to-day we celebrate,
Humble in his own esteem
Choosing lowliness of state;
So exalted is he now
With the Crown upon his brow.

Give us, Jesu, of Thy grace
Evermore, that so may we
Follow in the blessed steps
Of Thy great humility;
That with all Thy servants blest
We may win our promised rest.

Glory be to God on high,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Glory be from Saints on earth,
And from all the Angel host;
Glory be from Saints in light
To the Godhead Infinite. Amen.

S. Perpetua.—*March 7.*

12 6 of 8.

AND know'st thou not that when a lamb
Is taken from its mother's side,
She fain would follow closely on,
Whatever dangers may betide;
She fears not river, rock, or stone,
So she may reach her little one.

But see a love yet higher still,
More beautiful than mother's love,
A heart surrendered in its depths,
And consecrate to God above.
Still ever following e'en below
The Lamb of God where'er He go.

So when the awful choice was given,
Or Jesus or her little child,
The holy Matron chose the cross,
And on the sword and torture smiled:
The savage wild beast was to her
Only as Jesu's messenger.

And thus for ever hath she won
A name among the Saints of God,
And thus for ever leads the way
For us along the sacred road—
True to her name, for ever she
Dwelleth in light perpetually.

O Jesu, give us of Thy grace
That evermore we too may love
Thee, and the way of holiness,
All other joys and things above,
Until at length Thy Face we see
And dwell in Light Eternally. Amen.

S. Gregory.—*March 12.*

13 4 of 7.

"SERVANT of God's servants blest,"
Great among the Saints in light,
Bishop, Doctor, Witness brave,
Well he fought and won the fight.

Eagerly he clasp'd the Cross,
Went he forth to heathen lands,
Sorely were his footsteps stayed,
Summon'd back by stern commands.

His another work of love—
His another sphere of life—
So to do the Will of God,
Must be evermore his strife.

Jesu, in Thy Mercy grant
This our one desire and prayer—
"Not my will, O Lord, but Thine,"
So may we Thy blessing share.

We will leave it all to Thee,
We will never, never choose;
For we know that all is gain,
In Thy service none can lose.

Grant to us with all Thy Saints
Sweet repose upon Thy Breast
All fulfilled Thy Holy Will,
Won for aye the promised rest!

Praise and honour unto Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Praise from all Thy ransomed Saints,
Glory from the Angel host. Amen.

S. Edward.—*March 18.*

14 L.M.

O FOR a heart for ever free
From taint or touch of jealousy!—
That Serpent vile of Satan's brood,
That foe to every thought of good.

See how to-day a King was slain,
Through royal Mother's passion vain:
Within her traitor bosom, she
Nursed this fell Serpent, jealousy.

A little yielding to the sin,
A little brooding thought within;
And then, alas! ah, who can tell
The windings of that child of Hell!

And see how wonderful God's way
In saintly legend of to-day:
A Mother takes his earthly crown—
She gives her Son a Saint's renown.

So wicked spirits ever plan,
They plot the scheme they cannot scan;
Yet God above the tumult reigns,
The end must be as He ordains.

All Glory to our God of Might,
Who reigns above in golden light:
O joy that naught can ever be
But what He wills eternally. Amen.

S. Benedict.—*March 21.*

15 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

SAINT of the thorns and roses!
Saint of the Perfect Way!
Far greater than earth's soldier
Art thou we hymn to-day:
He that a city taketh,
Is not of worth so rare
As he who rules his spirit
With never-ceasing care.

Saint of the thorns and roses!
Saint of the Holy Rule!
By deeds and precepts, teaching
The secrets of thy school,
To quench the darts of Satan
By flesh with anguish torn,
Then rise for aye a victor—
Saint of the roseate thorn!

Saint of the thorns and roses!
Each pang which drew from thee
The very life-blood flowing
Hath set thy spirit free;
And every drop so crimson
Upon each point of thorn,
Hath budded into roses,
Fair as the flush of morn.

Saint of the thorns and roses!
No wonder thou didst *stand*,
As thy last bed so narrow
Was made by loving hand;
For up in Heaven the victors
"Stand" on the sea of glass,
And surely thou wert ready
Within the Veil to pass.

Saint of the thorns and roses!
One more Communion sweet,
And then to rest they lay thee
At thy dear Master's Feet;

And, as thy spirit waking
  Hails the Eternal Morn,
Sweet Sharon's Rose doth crown thee,
  The Rose without a thorn!

O guide us, Heavenly Father,
  And rule us in Thy Love,
And lead us to Thy Kingdom
  Of perfect rest above;
And, lest we lose the Roses,
  In Heaven's Eternal Morn,
Help us to grasp more bravely
  Our daily Cross of Thorn. Amen.

S. Richard.—*April* 3.

16 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

BRAVELY through the darkness,
  Through the gath'ring night,
Onward fellow soldiers
  Battling for the right.
Kings and rulers counsel,
  See the conflicts' rage,
Nought but power Almighty
  Can the warfare wage.

Bravely still go onward
  Through the midnight deep,
Marching ever forward
  E'en while others sleep.

Sorrows' cloud endureth
Till the night be past,
But the morning dawneth
Joyfully at last.

Bravely then march onward,
Looking unto Christ,
Strengthened by His Presence
In Blest Eucharist;
Where our wounds are healèd,
And our loss repaired,
Where in wondrous mercy
All our woes are shared.

Ever, ever onward
In a holy life,
As God's Saint afore time,
Through all care and strife;
That when called to hasten
From this world's unrest;
We may find a shelter,
Safe on Jesu's Breast.

Praise be unto Jesus,
Reigning on the Tree,
Where the radiant Wound prints
Evermore we see;
Those Blest Wounds which strengthened,
In death's saddest hour,
God's own Saints, victorious
By the Spirit's power.

Glory to the Father,
  Glory to the Son,
Glory to the Spirit,
  Three, yet ever One;
Praise from Saints redeemèd
  And from Angel Host,
Praise to God the Father,
  Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

S. Ambrose.—*April 4.*

17 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

WHEN the multitude was gathered
  To fill up the vacant see,
Then three times a child's voice uttered,
  "Ambrose, choose; 'tis he, 'tis he!"
Thus we read in saintly legend,
  Faith must scan the mystery.

Was it Jesus that so guided
  His perplexed and scattered flock?
Was it He, the Holy Christ-Child,
  That sustained the tempest's shock,
As He steered the sinking vessel
  Till it rested on the Rock?

Lo! "a little child shall lead them,"
  Those fierce spirits own His sway;
Chose they thus the blessèd Ambrose,
  As we learn this holy day:
Still the Little Child's voice crieth,
  And all men that Voice obey.

Holy Jesus, never leave us,
Guide and teach us as of old;
When perplexities surround us,
Keep us safely in Thy fold,
Till, with all the simple-hearted,
We ThyFace with joy behold.

Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One—
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

S. Alphege.—*April 19.*

18 4 of 10.

"IN peace, in peace, O Lord, my soul receive,
Forgive, O Lord, my bitter foes forgive."
O Saint, departing, what a cry was this,
O what an entrance to thy home of bliss!

In peace, in peace, sweet echo from The Tree
Where Jesus hung, and bore all pain for thee,
Surely, O Saint of God, 'twas only there
Thou could'st have learned thy soul-commending prayer.

No peace, no peace, but only in the Cross,
No balm but there for all our bitter loss,
No learning anywhere, but from The Tree
Where Jesus hung, and bore all pain for me.

O blessed Cross, the book of all God's Saints,
O Tree of Life for every heart that faints,
Learn, look, and live, poor weary, failing soul,
For there, and only there, Christ makes thee whole. Amen.

S. George.—*April 23.*

19 4 of 6.

YOUNG, beautiful, and brave!
Behold the great athlete,
A Hero-Saint in war,
In armour all complete.

A gentle son withal,
A brother ever true.
Mark well how firm he stands
To suffer and to do.

See how upon his heart
They place a heavy stone,
Yet all the while he clings
To Christ, the Rock alone.

See how with cruel pains
They try his stedfast faith,
But closer yet he clings
To Jesus Christ in death.

Victorious Martyr-Saint,
Young, beautiful, and brave!
There needs no laurel wreath
To mark thy glorious grave.

For lo! the promise shines
On high in words of light,
A glorious crown awaits
All those who win the fight.

And more than conqueror thou,
And more than brother true,
And more than hero, firm
To suffer and to do.

O Jesu give us grace
That as Thy Saints, so we
May truly win the day
And win it gloriously! Amen.

Invention of the Cross.—*May 3.*

20 D. C. M.

I HAVE a cross, a heavy cross,
But it is all my own;
I cannot bear it but with strength
From Jesu's Cross alone.
Where is the Cross of Christ, O where
The holy saving Tree,
O where the sweet and bitter Cross
That Jesus bore for me?

O never will I halt to sleep,
Or take my wonted rest,
Until that Blessed Cross I find
And clasp it to my breast.

Where is the Cross of Christ, O where
The holy saving Tree,
O where the sweet and bitter Cross
That Jesus bore for me?

'Tis overlaid with carelessness
With sins of long, long years,
O clear the ground and water well
With penitential tears.
Soon shalt thou find thy sorrow healed,
Sweet gain for bitter loss,
And so with rapture shalt thou hail
The ever Blessed Cross.

Then make a casket for it meet,
Hidden within thine heart,
And never, never let it go,
Nor from it ever part.
There, there find ever Jesu's Cross
The holy saving Tree,
The ever sweet and bitter Cross
That Jesus bore for thee. Amen.

S. John Evangelist.—*Ante Port. Lat.*

May 6.

21 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

IN the fiery furnace,
Like the Saints of old,
See the great Apostle
Tried as purest gold.

And as 'twas in old time
With the children three,
Lo ! our Lord and Master
Gave the victory.

O what throngs of angels
Surely round him wait,
As for Christ he suffers
Near the city's gate ;
Glorious road to Patmos,
To blest visions there,
Through the open doorway
Bliss for him to share.

Wondrous resurrection
From the burning wave ;
Praise to Christ our Master,
Jesus strong to save.
See of God the marvels
In His Saints thus wrought,
Far surpassing knowledge,
Greater than our thought.

Cling we then to Jesus
Closely to His Side,
Ready aye to follow
Whatsoe'er betide.
And although we see not
When He leads us on,
Closely, closely follow
Till the night is gone.

Till the glorious day-break
  Shines beyond the grave,
With far greater wonders
  E'en than Patmos gave.
Beatific Vision,
  Seeing face to Face,
Fadeless crowns of splendour,
  Marvels of God's grace.

Praise we then the Father,
  Son, and Spirit Blest,
Through Whose only mercy
  We can win that rest.
Praise we with the Angels
  And with Saintly host,
Praise to God the Father,
  Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

S. Dunstan.—*May 19.*

22 S. M.

"FIRM as a rock" thy name
  O Dunstan Witness brave,
Firm as a rock O conqueror
  And great thy hallowed grave.

Sweet harper with thy harp
  As David, Saint of yore,
Like him with soothing minstrelsy
  Thou com'st the King before.

True to thy saintly rule,
Thy hands no toil refuse;
The Apostle's glory is thine own
And labour thou dost choose.

"Firm as a rock" thy name
So stedfast thou dost stand,
Reproving king and courtier
With stern, unsparing hand.

To Christ, the Church, thy Rule,
Thou givest all thy heart,
So with the Saints most perfect, thou
Hast thy own blessed part.

Lord may we follow Thee
As Dunstan did of old,
That we may reach the pastures green
Within Thy Heavenly fold. Amen.

S. Augustine of Canterbury.—

May 26.

23 6 of 8.

WHITE-WINGED, the azure wave upon
The fragile galley held her way;
The fair white cliffs of Albion shone
With welcome, at decline of day:
Heaven's favour aye befriends the brave
Who curb the wild and western wave.

The fallen Cross again to rear,
Rebuild the ruined Altar-pace,
In Saxon souls, that know no fear,
One fear—the fear of God—to place:
This was the end Augustine sought;
This was the work Augustine wrought.

The haughty monarch bowed his head
In homage of the Crucified:
The soul which lived for nought but bread,
Her life received of Him Who died:
That crowned imperial head must be
The first fruits of the victory.

The sun ne'er sets on Albion's shrines,
No land knows not Augustine's throne;
The voice of praise and prayer combines
In one vast earth-encircling zone,
With God the Father and His Christ
One household in one Eucharist.

'Tis one with God's own Church of eld,
Augustine's priestly heritage;
No line ancestral ere hath held
So high degree from age to age,—
The roll of soldiers of the Lord
Who faced the flame, the axe, the sword.

Their race is run, their course is o'er:
From God's supernal citadel,
From Zion's ever-tranquil shore,
They watch the work they loved so well;
Grant, Lord, Augustine's sons may prove
No laggards in his work of love. Amen.

S. Bede.—*May 27.*

24 7. 5. 7. 5. D.

BRETHREN let us "freely speak"
On this Holy Day,
Of the venerable Saint
Ages passed away;
Of the patriarchal shrine
Undespoilèd still,
Where the Minster's shadow vast
Crowns the castled hill.

Still to us he speaks in death,
Speaks to us of life
Early yielded to the Lord,
Far apart from strife;
Speaks to us of intellect
Through a long life given,
In the labours of a scribe
Taught by Light of Heaven.

And we muse beside his grave
Cold and barely plain,
Wondering if his holy shrine
May be raised again.
When seem angel voices high
From the distant choir,
Telling of beatitude
More than our desire.

"He who last writ words of love,
Now in Love's embrace,
Resteth after many toils
In the Holy Place.

He who at Ascension-tide
Breathed his parting prayer,
'Venerable' is on earth,
And is Sainted There."

Jesus call us with Thy Saints
To Thy Holy Hill!
Give us hearts, all consecrate
To Thy Blessed Will.
Teach us what we have, for Thee
Ever to employ,
That at length we may with Thee
Enter into joy!

Glory with the Saints on high
And with Saints below,
Glory with the Angels bright
In Heaven's burning glow.
Glory to the Father be,
Glory to the Son,
Glory to the Holy Ghost
Ever Three in One. Amen.

S. Nicomede.—*June 1.*

25 C. M.

MARTYR of Christian Sepulture!
How near to his thy name,
Saint of the Holy Sepulchre,
Of everlasting fame!

Christ's Body Nicodemus sought,
And so his love confest;
And Nicomede a Martyr-Saint
Laid gently down to rest.

Both, at the peril of their lives,
Proclaimed their stedfast faith;
And Nicomede full soon was called
To die a Martyr's death.

He would not his dear Lord deny,
Or offer fire profane;
And so, by cruel torturing,
Blest Nicomede was slain.

Slain! rather did he find his life
In that eternal peace,
Beyond the grave, in Paradise,
Where care and troubles cease.

Nor doubt that now he reigns on high
With fellow-Martyrs bright,
All crowned with ruby coronets,
And shining in the light.

But near each reverend sepulchre,
E'en now they seem to stand,
The Saint of old and Nicomede,
For ever hand in hand.

Lord, help us lay the Saints to rest,
With love all pure and deep,
And watch Thou ever near to us,
When we too fall asleep.

That, when the Resurrection morn
Dawns on the closèd grave,
Thine own blest Voice we too may hear,
And know Thee strong to save. Amen.

S. Boniface.—*June 5.*

26 5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

"GO ye thro' the world
And preach His great Name,
Go tell forth His love
The Gospel proclaim.
Far over all nations,
Across the deep sea,
On wings of devotion
For Christ's sake, "go ye."

O go ye in alms,
Or go ye in prayer,
Or go ye in deeds
Which all men may share.
Or go ye in person
For Christ's sake, "go ye,"
For Him leaving all things
That hindrance may be.

Lord, so went Thy Saints
And Martyrs of old,
And thus won their palms
And crowns of pure gold.

Despising all danger
All suff'ring and loss,
The Cross in their bosoms,
Their heart in the Cross.

Lord give us to learn
How they followed Thee,
That we at their feet
Thy glory may see.
O fill us with graces,
With faith, hope, and love,
That we too may conquer
And win rest above. Amen.

S. Alban.—*June 17.*

27 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

LO! the great S. Alban,
Proto-Martyr blest
Of our sea-girt islands,
Is to-day confest.
Shining down upon us
As we journey on,
From the heights of glory
Where the crown is won.

Onward, still he leads us,
As Christ erst led him,
Over rock and river,
Through the twilight dim;

Onward, ever onward
To the day most bright,
To the shining radiance
Of eternal Light.

See that grand procession
On the day he died,
As his soul he yielded
By the river's side;
Drawing others to Him,
Unto Christ the Lord,
Then and every moment
Ceaselessly adored.

Death, the gate of glory,
Bliss, the guerdon bright,
Grand the vast procession,
Now he joins in Light.
No man counts the number
Of that glorious Host;
In the vain endeavour
All our thought is lost.

No man, only Jesus
Numbers His elect,
Those He counts for Martyrs
Whom we least expect.
Saints unknown and hidden
Cluster round His Feet,
And the Saintly number
Little ones complete.

Only this condition
Brings each bright one there,
Death, for love of Jesus,
Wins the mansions fair.
Death, and self-surrender,
One with Jesu's death,
This the crown of patience,
This the crown of faith.

Then the glorious vision,
Crowns of glory then,
Then the starry mansions
Far beyond our ken.
Then the vast procession
Ever moving on,
Jesus gently leading
E'en each little one.

Lord of that vast army
Keep us by Thy Side,
That we fall not from Thee
Whatsoe'er betide.
Help us for Thy Glory
So for Thee to die,
That we dwell for ever,
Safe with Thee on high. Amen.

Translation of S. Edward.—*June 20th.*

28 8. 6. 8. 6. 4.

O GENTLY ring the muffled peal,
The music softly play;
And let the censer sweetly scent
The sad funereal way.
Toll! gently toll.

He was so very fair and young,
Our basely murdered King;
We'll bear his Relics gently now,
To holy precincts bring.
Toll! sadly toll.

Now rest in peace, until the tide
Of time has ebbed for aye,
Until the last great trump shall sound
Upon the Judgment Day.
Rest! sweetly rest.

Now rest in peace; and endless Light
Be round thee evermore:
There shalt thou find a brighter Crown
Than that thou knewest before.
Rest! sweetly rest.

There shalt thou find a Kingdom too,
An everlasting Throne,
There wilt thou love to cast thy Crown
Before th' Eternal One.
Praise! joyful praise

O sweetly ring the joybells now,
A Saint is laid to rest,
A sweet soul is received on high,
And safe in Jesu's Breast.
Ring! sweetly ring.

Praise Jesus, King of Saints on High,
Of all the Saints below;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
From Whom all graces flow.
Amen! Amen!

Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.—*July 2nd.*

29 12. 11. 12. 11. 11. 11.

FAR over the mountains, in gladness of spring-time,
Sweet Mary arising now hastens to-day;
The winter is gone with its gloom and its darkness,
And lilies and roses are strewing the way;
The turtle's sweet note and the singing bird's voice
Are calling on Nature to praise and rejoice.

What seeketh she over the beautiful mountains?
The solace of love, the communion of Saints;

And so through all perils we see her press onward,
All strong in her purpose of love that ne'er faints;
Full lonely she seems, but, did faith draw the veil,
What wonderful vision our eyesight would hail!

O should we not see the bright legions of Angels,
All clustering round her to shield and protect,
And little ones strewing the pathway with flowers,
Before the sweet Lily of Judah elect?
For Gabriel's message hath spoken the word,
And Mary is Mother of Jesus the Lord.

O glad Visitation of Mary to Hebron!
O wondrous communion beyond all compare,
When Mary saluted her cousin so Saintly,
And chanted *Magnificat* joyfully there!
O depth of the Mystery, passing all thought,
Which Mary to Hebron this Holy day brought!

Already the friend of the Bridegroom rejoiceth—
Already proclaimeth the Blest Lamb of God—

The herald unborn greets the Saviour still hidden,
And worships with gladness the Incarnate Word;
O praise we and magnify Jesus our Lord,
Both Hidden and Manifest ever adored!

And let us with Mary return to our homesteads,
From Saintly communion and Blest Eucharist,
Thus evermore dwelling in Presence of Jesus,
United in Mystery with the Lord Christ;
O praise we the Godhead, the Blest Three in One,
Whose Love and Whose Power but spake and 'twas done! Amen.

Translation of SS. Martin, Swithun, &c.—*July 4th, 15th, &c.*

30 S. M.

RIGHT dear in Jesu's sight
Of all His Saints the death,
Those victor souls who fought and won
E'en to their latest breath.

And Relics precious, too,
Are those which still we hold,
Which in the Church's early days
Were treasured more than gold.

And when Confessors lived,
And when in Christ they died,
Their sanctity which shone so bright
They vainly strove to hide:

And though they humbly asked
To lie in lowly sod,
Their holy dust was treasured still,
Since they were dear to God:

And gently, as to-day,
Was borne by reverent hands,
Within the Church's solemn shade,
Where Christ's own Altar stands.

And so in Saintly shrine
They lay the Relics dear,
And we still keep the Holy Days
Through each revolving year.

O when our last hour comes,
And death shall close our eyes,
Grant, Lord, that we translated be
From earth to Paradise. Amen.

S. Margaret of Antioch.—*July 20th.*

31 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

WHEN the Lord makes up His jewels,
And of "goodly pearls" His store,
One, methinks, will shine with radiance,
'Mid His treasures evermore,—
She who stood as firmest rock
In the court of Antioch.

Underfoot she trod the dragon,
Through the virtue of the Cross,
Crown and palm-branch nobly winning,
Endless gain for earthly loss—
Thus she vanquished all her foes—
Thus the lily won the rose!

Naught we know of her confession,
Only that for Christ she died;
For the long revolving ages
Draw a veil o'er all beside;
But in regions far away
Greets she now the eye of Day.

Lord, when Thou dost gently call us
From this world to Realms above,
May this ever blessed record
Be recited of our love—
That we daily fought the fight,
Overcame in Jesu's Might.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,—
Praise we now, with Saintly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

S. Mary Magdalene.—*July 22nd.*

32 11. 10. 11. 10. 10. 10.

O BLESSED soul, her sins no more remembered,
By Jesu's own absolving Voice forgiven;
O happy Saint now most commemorated
By her sweet offering to the Lord of Heaven;
When she the precious box of ointment brought,
And the blest Feet of Christ her Saviour sought.

O Blessed tears of penitential sorrow
Which gently now bedew those sacred Feet;
O kiss, of love and revcrence most tender,
That speak of self-surrender all complete.
Her long hair loosed in mourning's saddest, guise
Veils her, and shrouds those Feet from faithless eyes:

Veils her from Pharisees cold, heartless scorning,
"She is a sinner"; brother, may'st thou see
How Christ doth turn to thee with solemn warning;
"Friend, I have somewhat now to say to thee"—
Wilt thou, with him of long past ages gone,
Straight-way make answer, "Master say Thou on"!

"Where is, like hers, thy penitential sorrow,
Where is, like hers, thy tender grateful love?
Where is thy kiss, thy reverential off'ring
Where all of these, thy faithfulness to prove?
So now to her, I give My full release,
"Thy faith hath savèd thee, go thou in peace"!
Amen.

S. Anne.—*July 26th.*

33 3 of 8. 6.

O SWEET it is to think upon
A mother's tender love;
There is no other love like this,
Save that of God above.
And that is greater far than this
Which doth our spirits move.

But one thing shines most brightly now
In life's maturer stage;
The thought of how our mother's hand
Traced out the Sacred Page.
How she thus longed the holy words
Should our young hearts engage.

And so we love to think upon
The life of Blessed Anne;
How she first trained the Virgin Child
The sacred lore to scan,
Those wondrous passages which show
God's Love to fallen man.

O marvellous to think that thus
The Holy Maid discerned,
The Sacred Words which spoke of her
As yet but dimly learned.
The Mother's finger guiding still
As love within them burned.

And so be sure in childhood's hour
Oft led by mother mild,
When her dear finger points the way
To some meek loving child,
A word for such is ever found,
For God on them hath smiled.

O mothers teach, and children learn,
As we may learn to day:
One only end we should desire
One only truth and way,
The way of Jesus for each one,
While yet on earth we stay. Amen.

Lammas Day.—*August 1st.*

PART I.

34 C. M.

IN olden times upon this day
Our Fathers, we are taught,
From out the gentle flock, a lamb
As first-fruits grateful brought.

And offered it in God's own House,
Where on the Altar fair
As ever, His true servants plead
Christ's veilèd Presence there:

The Presence of the Lamb of God,
Who stands before the Throne,
Pleading for us His Sacrifice,
All-powerful to atone.

So let us ever offerings bring,
And holy vows and prayer,
When Priest and people all are met
Before God's Altar fair:

To plead the awful Sacrifice
Of that Eternal Lamb,
To offer purest Offerings,
And call upon His Name.

For only through that Holy Name
Can we accepted be,
The Ever-Blessed Lamb of God,
Through all Eternity. Amen.

PART II.

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

SEE the ruthless Herod
Vex the Church full sore,
Kindling in his madness
Ever more and more.
See, the great Apostle,
Bound in cruel chain;
To our human eyesight
Earthly hope is vain.

But the Church has weapons
Little thought of there,
She the Court of Herod
Vanquisheth by prayer;
Prayer which reacheth Heaven,
Where the Angels stand,
Ever waiting ready
For their Lord's command.

So within the prison
Shines a wondrous light,
Brighter than the noontide,
E'en at dead of night.
For the Lord hath spoken,
And His Angel sent,
To release His servant
From imprisonment.

See how swift he riseth
As the Angel speaks,
Now the chains are falling
As the iron breaks.
See the gloomy portals
Open without hand,
And in perfect freedom,
'Neath the stars they stand.

O the joyful greeting!
When the Apostle's voice
Showed their prayer was answered,
Bade them all rejoice.
In the house of Mary
Where they met for prayer,
Christ with Benediction
Gave the answer there.

So in every trouble
Our resource be prayer;
Angels ever waiting,
Have us in their care.
Naught of real evil
E'er can reach His Own,
And for all the faithful
Shines a glorious Crown. Amen.

The Transfiguration.—*August 6th.*

35 11. 10. 11. 10. D.

UP, through the shadows of the lofty mountain,
Up to Mount Tabor Jesus goes to-day,—

Weary, perchance, with Sacred Footsteps toilsome,
Yet through the shadows goeth He to pray;
O come with Jesus to the Holy Mountain,
O follow close the Master's Steps to-day;
And, though ye halt on wayworn footsteps weary,
Yet come with Jesus, come to watch and pray.

Up through the shadows by this wondrous pathway,
Up by the ladder of prevailing prayer;
O who can tell what glories there are waiting!
O who can tell the bliss of converse there!
Then up with Jesus on the Holy Mountain,
Away with Jesus on the Mount of Prayer;
O who can tell the joys that there are waiting?
None, none can tell but those who have been there.

Up through the shadows of the lofty mountain,
Up through the shades of Galilean night,
Up with the faithful three; but O so weary
Goeth our Master unto Tabor's height;
O come with Jesus, sleep not yet, though weary;
He sleepeth not, but goeth up "to pray";
O watch with Him; full soon the midnight dreary
Shall shine with lustre, brighter far than day.

See! even now the Vision bright is glowing,
Our Master's Form is bathed in Burning Light,
Transfigured thus with Saints of old, in rapture,
From that fair world where there is no more night.
O come with Jesus to the Mount of Glory,
Dwell with Him there in rapturous Vision sweet,
Muse on His Cross with Moses and Elias,
Then kneel adoring at His Piercèd Feet.

The vision passes, leaving "Jesus only,"
Jesus our All in All, our Hope and Stay,
The Well-Belovèd of the Eternal Father,
King of the Saints, in Glory passed away;
O come with Jesus to the Holy Mountain,
O follow close the Master's Steps to-day;
But see that, as ye seek Him in His Glory,
Ye follow first with Him to watch and pray.
Amen.

Holy Name of Jesus.—*August 7th.*

36 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

LORD to-day we praise Thee
For Thy Holy Name,
Name above all others
Whence Salvation came.
Altogether lovely,
Name surpassing sweet,
Name which draws the sinner
To Thy Piercèd Feet.

Name which draws the Saintly
To the golden Crown,
Name which won the Martyrs
All their bright renown.
Name which more than conquers
In the victor's strife,
Thou the Way most Blessèd,
Thou the Truth and Life.

Holy Name of Jesus,
Morning Star so bright,
Shining in Thy Radiance,
On a world of night.
Jesus pour upon us
In this Wilderness,
Thy still further Glory
Sun of Righteousness.

Till before the daybreak,
Flee the shadows dim,
Till the Choirs eternal
Raise the unceasing hymn,
To the Name All-Worthy,
Honour, Glory, Praise,
Now, and still for ever,
Through the endless days. Amen.

S. Laurence.—*August 10th.*

37 3 of 8. 7.

IN the burning fiery furnace,
Cast they God's dear Saints of yore,

Seven times hotter than was wonted
Made the heat for torment sore:
Man proposed, but God so ordered
As 'twas never seen before.

For, within the furnace glowing,
Lo! unbound the children trod;
And a Form was seen beside them,
Like unto the Son of God,—
Thus delivered were His servants,
And His praise was spread abroad.

He, Who on a fiery whirlwind,
Took Elijah up to Heaven,
"Flaming Fire" can make His servant,
At His own commandment given;
So it was when blessèd Laurence
Had for Jesus nobly striven.

Thus the flames around him burning,
Kindled by his cruel foes,
Were to him as wind up-wafting,
Bearing him to sure repose,
Where the Virgin Saints and Martyrs
Clasp the lily and the rose.

Christian, think it not a marvel,
When the fire thy spirit tries,
Only hold thee close to Jesus,
Ever lift to Him thine eyes,
Look not at the flames so ruddy
That around thee fiercely rise.

They are but the fires refining,
Parting all the gold from dross,
Purging sin, and self-consuming,
By the virtue of the Cross,
Till His Image shines within us,
Thus repairing all our loss.

Then He calls His faithful servants
To the radiant Mansions Blest,
Where the holy Saints and Martyrs
Find their everlasting rest,
That most sweet repose and shelter
Only found on Jesu's Breast.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Who in all the Saints and Martyrs
Hath Eternal Triumph won. Amen.

S. Augustine, *Bishop of Hippo.*
August 28th.

38 6 of 10.

"GO Mother, go thy way, and blest be thou!
The son of tears like thine, shall not be lost";

So gently spoke the holy man to her,
So full of trouble sore, and tempest-tossed,
And though the waves still o'er her seem to roll,
These words of comfort have refreshed her soul.

O tarry thou the leisure of the Lord,
With this blest mother, tarry thou for Him,
Trouble may last throughout the night, but joy
Breaks in the morning, through the shadows dim.
Ask, seek, and knock; at length the open door
Tells that the waiting time is past and o'er.

And so, at last, unto his mother's prayers,
More than a son, was granted, and was given,
All was forgotten, all those mis-spent years,
Bathed in forgiveness and the grace of Heaven.
Now can they speak of Jesus and His Love,
Together ripening for their rest Above.

Then came the life-long service, this the proof
That the sad past was o'er, the evil gone—
Talents laid down at Jesu's Feet, and all
The old man put away, the new put on.
O Grace of God, that melts the heart of stone
How wondrous art Thou in Thy paths unknown!

O praise to God the Father in the height
Of Highest Heaven, O praise unto the Son,
O praise unto the Holy Spirit's Might,
To the Great One in Three, the Three in One.
Praise God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
With every Saint and all the Angel Host.
Amen.

Beheading of S. John Baptist.—
August 29th.

39 3 of 8. 6.

O PROPHET great and Forerunner,
The Martyr's rest within!
Thou Witness to the Lamb of God!
Reprover brave of sin!
Where shall we find of thee the like?
Or how thy glory win?

O Saint most noble in thy love,
Unselfish, true, and strong!
A pattern thou for every friend,
As ages roll along—
"He must increase, but I decrease,"
The burden of thy song.

Earnest of thy Beatitude
In endless Mansions fair:
Who humbly walks while still on earth,
Shall be exalted there.

O joy to hear the Bridegroom's Voice !
O bliss beyond compare !

O Friend of our Incarnate God,
The Martyr's rest within !
O Soldier valiant in the fight !
Reprover brave of sin !
Where shall we find of thee the like ?
Or how thy glory win ?

Where, but in that blest Kingdom bright,
Where every little one,
Baptisèd in the Holy Name
Of Father, Spirit, Son,
Is greater than the greatest light
That, ere Christ's Rising, shone ?

O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us now we pray;
And fill us with the Blessèd Light
That beams on us to-day,
And, as we in Thy Kingdom are,
O keep us in Thy Way!

Praise be to God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever Blest—
Praise from the Saints and seers of old,
In their Eternal Rest—
Praise from the ransomed Universe
To Christ, our King confest. Amen.

S. Giles.—*September 1st.*

40 6 of 10.

UNTO the youth belovèd, Jesus said,
"Sell all, give all, leave all, and follow Me,"
If thou wouldst win the Coronet on high
Of Saintly souls that would more perfect be";
But sorrowing he went upon his way,
For "great possessions" were his own that day.

Not so with him of whom to-day we sing,
To him Christ's words came home with living power,
He sold his all, and gave unto the poor,
Then followed Jesus from that very hour!
Full joyfully he went upon his way,
For "Great Possessions" were his own that day.

Unto the gentle Saint who chose a life,
A cripple's life, 'tis said, for Jesu's Sake,
All such afflicted ones may surely come;
And from his holy life a pattern take,
Thus as he followed Jesus on his way,
So learn of him to follow Christ to-day.

How closely did he follow! e'en the doe
Flew from the hunter to his shelt'ring side,
And as he shielded it, the arrow pierced

Through the stretched hand that strove to
turn aside
The shaft of death, upon that long past day,
When the saved creature thankful took its
way.

O wondrous shadow of that greater Love
That saved us from the wily hunter's snare!
O wondrous beauty of the legend old!
That leads us from the Saintly pattern there,
Straight up to Jesus, that His Piercèd Hand
May guard us ever as near Him we stand.

O Christ! Lead to Thyself in every hour,
In every danger, to Thy shelt'ring Side;
Until, with all Thy Saints, we reach the Land
Where, in that Haven, we shall aye abide,
Where we shall find an hundredfold that day
For all that for Thy Sake we cast away.
Amen.

S. Eunurchus.—*September 7th.*

(See No. 26.)

Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
—*September 8th.*

41 3 of 8. 6.

O SWEET the springing lily bud
In early summer day,

And sweet the gently perfumed airs
That round the roses play!
But sweeter still the Blossom white
That opens fair to-day!

Low in the valley's deepest shade,
We view sweet Mary's cot,
All hidden from the gazing world
And those who love her not;
Thus picture we the Holy Maid
By faithless souls forgot.

We nothing know of those bright days,
When Mary grew and smiled,
And listened to her mother's voice,
In accents meek and mild,—
We only know that, on this day,
Was born the Saintly Child.

And as our Blessèd Saviour chose
Of her our flesh to take,
We love her for her wondrous grace,
But most for Jesu's Sake;
For who that loved our dearest Lord
His Mother could forsake?

O sweet the springing lily bud
In early summer day!
And sweet the gently perfumed airs
That round the roses play!
But sweeter far the Blossom white
That opens fair to-day! Amen.

Exaltation of the Holy Cross.—
September 14th.

42 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

HAIL the Cross of Jesus :
Lift It up on high :
Hail the Mighty Signal,
Pointing to the sky !
Hail the Guide of pilgrims,
Through the desert drear !
Hail the Sign of Jesus,
Chasing far our fear !

God forbid we glory,
Save in that Blest Sign—
Sign of Him Who saved us
Through His Love Divine.
Hail the Cross of Jesus,
Lifted up on high !
Hail the Mighty Signal,
Pointing to the sky !

Stands the Cross of Jesus
Foremost in the fight,
Drawing ever all men
By Its wondrous might.
Hail the Cross of Jesus,
Lifted up on high !
Hail the Mighty Standard,
Pointing to the sky !

See! It moveth onward:
Gladly follow we:
Wheresoe'er It goeth
Should Christ's soldiers be.
Hail the Cross of Jesus,
Lifted up on high!
Hail the Mighty Standard,
Pointing to the sky!

Lo! It reacheth Jordan,
Cleaves the surging wave,
Lighteth up the portals
Of the opening grave.
Hail the Cross of Jesus,
Lift It up on high!
Hail the guide of pilgrims,
Pointing to the sky,

Then, O then, what Glory
Shines upon our eyes,
From the sunny pastures
Spread in Paradise!
Lo! The Cross of Jesus,
Pointing to the sky,
Hath His children guided
Home to Victory. Amen.

S. Lambert.—*September 17th.*

43 4 of 10.

UPON the ground, he traced the Holy Rood,
And then, in silent loneliness, lay still,

With outstretched arms, he waited patiently
The sharp fulfilment of his dear Lord's Will.

Full soon it came: in rushed the hostile band,
With ruthless heart, in cruel warlike guise;
And, as the lance the Saintly Bishop slew,
The Angels bore his soul to Paradise.

And now he holds his Crosier and his Palm,
And now he wears a Martyr's golden Crown,
And now he dwells in God's perpetual Light,
Where shines the Sun that never goeth down.

O Jesus, help us so to serve Thee now,
That, when in Light Thou dost again appear,
We may with rapture deep Thy Presence hail,
And greet Thee joyfully with holy fear.

Or if Thou call us, as Thy Saints of old,
To suffer ere that glorious Day shall come,
O help us through the Cross the Crown to win,
And the bright mansions of our only Home.

Praise to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
With all the Saints who died in Jesu's Love,
Praise with the countless bright Angelic Host
Who laud for aye the Triune Name above.
Amen.

S. Cyprian.—*September 26th.*

44 4 of 8.

"O SAINT most sweet, O Martyr blest!
The Bishop with the Angel face"—
In mansions fair is now thy rest,
All radiant with celestial grace.

Thy countenance is beaming bright,
As when the blessèd Stephen's shone
With gentle love and holy light,
In sight of all that looked thereon.

For when the Saving Name was heard,
And his accusers pressed him sore,
The very utterance of the Word
Seemed but to light that radiance more.

So still, O Lord, Thine own true Grace
Shines on us, through Thy servants blest;
And we with patience run our race,
Assured with them of promised rest.

Now fill us with Thy gentle Light,
That we too may arise and shine,
Our hearts all pure, and burning bright
With love of Thy dear Name Divine.

O praise the Name of Christ the Lord,
That Name of Beauty loveliest,
Light of the world by all adored,
The Name of Jesus, Saviour Blest. Amen.

S. Jerome.—*September 30th.*

45 S.M.

O BRAVE Confessor true,
O Priest and Doctor great!
We praise our God for thy blest name,
In these our times so late.

Thou Saint of Bethlehem,
Who sought the Holy Land,
And loved, where Christ had lived and died,
Within thy lot to stand.

Confessor brave and true,
Most humble Saintly Priest,
Great Doctor in the Church of God,
We hail thee in thy Feast.

Of thee we come to learn
The wondrous perfect way,—
That, as of Jesus thou wast taught,
So we may learn to-day:

To leave this changing world,
If Christ Himself shall call,
And fix on Him our longing eyes—
On Him, our All in all!

We long to yield to Him
What He hath freely given,
And follow as Himself doth lead,
Until we rest in Heaven.

O Jesu, guide us now,
And leave us not, we pray,
That we may reach the Holy Land,
Where Thou dost dwell alway. Amen.

S. Remigius.—*October 1st.*

46 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

LIKE the great Forerunner,
Blest Remigius see;
Born of aged mother,
Full of graces he:
Far apart he dwelleth,
Given up to prayer,
Till the Master calleth
Him to honour rare:

On that day so joyful,
When, at Christmas-tide,
Clovis, King, believing
Christ the Crucified,
Straightway was baptisèd,
With a goodly host,
In the Name of Father,
Son, and Holy Ghost.

Like the first three thousand,
On that earlier day,
Bright with primal glory
From the Spirit's ray,

When the great Apostle
  Sounded forth the Word,
And the wondrous Harvest
  Gathered for the Lord.

Holily Remigius
  Lived, and worked, and died;
Died in old age peaceful,
  As at eventide
Sets the sun with radiance,
  At the close of day,
And his journey ended,
  Gently sinks away.

But the golden glory
  Lingers with us still,
Touching all with radiance
  Over cloud and hill;
Thus the holy legend
  Shines upon us now,
From the golden glory
  Round the Saintly brow.

Lead, sweet Jesus, lead us,
  Guide us to Thy Rest,
With the Saints in glory
  With all Spirits blest—
Where the Sun that shineth
  Never goeth down,
Where each true cross-bearer
  Wins a glorious Crown. Amen.

S. Faith.—*Oct. 6.*

47 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

YES, sweet S. Faith abideth
Within the Church's shrine,
And still her lamp soft shineth,
With roseate light divine.
O very young and fair was she
When called, a Martyr's death to see.

And loudly they derided—
"Deny the Crucified,
And worship great Diana,
Our glory and our pride;"
But low and firmly answered she,
"Him will I serve Who died for me."

Then did they scourge that maiden,
Fair as a lily pure,
And fiercer yet the tortures
They called her to endure;
Yet fiery bed and whetted sword
Did but unite her to her Lord.

Yes, here S. Faith abideth,
Within the Church's shrine;
But there her Crown is jewelled
With gems of light divine;
And, every Hope fulfilled above,
S. Faith is lost in perfect Love. Amen.

S. Denys.—*Oct. 9.*

(See No. 26.)

Translation of S. Edward, *King and Con.—Oct. 13.*

48 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6

THEY could not make his shrine too bright
And so, when years were past,
They straight prepared a noble tomb,
More glorious than the last;
And there the royal Saint they laid,
Within the Abbey vast.

O rest most sweet! safe shadowed o'er
With vows all duly paid,
Spreading o'erhead a canopy
Within the awful shade,
Where hymns and anthems daily rise,
And prayer is ever made.

But sweeter still the rest above,
Where happy spirits wait,
Where faithful souls are gathered safe
Before the golden Gate,
In blessed vigil, till the Lord
Arise in royal state.

Until He comes with Angel host,
In all His Power and Might,

And seated on the great white Throne,
  Enrobed in Glory bright,
He calls His faithful Saints around,
  And kingly, crowns the right!

And what will be S. Edward's Crown
  Upon that awful Day?
Let faith in Jesu's blessed Cross,
  And prayers and almsdeeds say—
A kingly government and rule
  Of righteousness alway.

But greater Bliss than brightest crown,
  The Presence of the King,
And all the ever-growing joys
  That endless ages bring;
And yet 'tis ever more and more,
  The countless Angels sing!

Ah, stay! our very thought is lost
  Within that Temple vast,
Where we, O Christ, long sore to be,
  With Saints of ages past.
O bring us there, sweet Saviour dear,
  To that bright Home at last. Amen.

S. Etheldreda.—*Oct. 17.*

49 S.M.

SHE hath a double crown,
  Her diadem of gold;
But O a still more glorious Wreath
  Her history doth unfold.

A Lily Coronet,
Unseen, her brow adorns,
And she herself a flower most fair,
Amid this world's rude thorns.

She hath a double robe,
Of royal purple bright;
But O that dress more lovely far,
Her Robe of Virgin white!

All glorious within,
The Daughter of the King,
In clothing fair, of broidered gold,
Before His Throne they bring.

She hath a twofold name,
The name she knew on earth,
But O how fair that brighter name,
That Name of priceless worth!

That Name of holy souls,
Which words can never paint,
Which her baptismal glory crowned
As Etheldreda—Saint!

O Jesu pour on us
Thine all-sustaining Power,
That we may learn to follow on
From our baptismal hour.

That we at length on high
With Thy dear Saints may rest,
And praise with all Thy Angel host
Thy Name for ever Blest. Amen.

S. Crispin.—*Oct. 25.*

50 S.M.

AMID the starry host,
A twofold radiance gleams,
Twin lights for ever shining on,
With gentle silver beams.

And 'mid the Church's host
There gleam twin lights to-day,
Those Saintly brethren who still shine,
To guide us on our way.

That as they learned of Christ,
So we may learn of them,
And win, like them, if faithful found,
A starry diadem;

That crown of holy souls,
Who kindred souls shall win;
For they as brightest stars shall shine,
The firmanent within.

And with Thy Saints to-day,
Lord give us grace to choose
Those lowly toils which Thou dost bless,
And never didst refuse.

That so, when'er our hands
Are set to do the right,
We may our work for Thee take up,
And do it with our might.

And thus our daily life
Will beam with light from Thee,
And, whatsoever may betide,
We shall Thy glory see;

In that most blessed Day,
When Thou shalt swiftly come,
And call, from work-day toil, to rest
In our eternal Home. Amen.

S. Leonard.—*Nov. 6th.*

51 5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

O FOLLOWER true
Of Jesus thy Lord,
In holiest deeds—
Not only in word—
Thou, through thy life teachest
The wonders of grace,
And showest how all men
May win the blest race.

The love of thy Lord
Burnt fervent within,
And mightily shone,
For Him souls to win,
To loose them from bondage,
From sin's evil chain,
And place them in freedom,
With hope once again.

O follower true
Of Jesus thy Lord,
Deliv'rer of all,
Who trust in His Word;
The prisoner He looseth,
The captive sets free,
And gives them, all-glorious,
His blest liberty.

O Saint of great grace,
Of fasting and prayer,
Who left the great world,
Christ's pathway to share.
How blest will thy portion
For evermore be,
When thou shalt awaken,
His Glory to see.

O praise be to Christ,
Of all Saints the King,
The Fountain of Grace,
From Whom all joys spring,
Our Mighty Deliverer,
Redeemer and Friend,
O guide us, and lead us,
And keep to the end. Amen.

S. Martin.—*November 11th.*

52 3 of 8. 7.

AS Christ's Soldier slumbered sweetly
When the wintry day was gone,

Came there heavenly vision radiant,
And within the chamber shone,
Then, in accents sweet and gentle,
Spake Christ to His faithful one.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it
To the least of these Mine own,
'Tis to Me that ye have done it,
'Tis to Me thy love is shown,—
Not alone to these the needy,
'Tis to Me, Mine own, Mine own!"

Blessèd Lord, what words of rapture!
Give us of Thy Grace to see
That, in doing smallest alms-deeds,
Still we do them unto Thee,
Not alone to these, the needy,
But to Thee, O Lord, to Thee!

Yes, we know through blessèd Martin
That the alms-deeds from our store
Are, in truth, our richest treasures,
Ever growing more and more,
Till in Heaven, laid up all safely,
They abide for evermore.

Praise, O praise, the Name of Jesus,
Who accepts our alms-deeds poor,
And unites Himself in mercy
With His lowliest at the door,
So that, as we give our substance,
We for Jesus yield our store. Amen.

S. Britius.—*November 13th.*

53 3 of 8. 6.

TWO paths there are to Saintliness—
The white robe kept unstained,
Which, through the Precious Blood of Christ,
In Baptism we gained,
And that white robe which He too gives,
By penitence attained.

And so to-day we read of one
Who loved this world's estate,
And yielded not to Jesu's Love,
(So patient still to wait !)
And yet at last, through penitence,
Returned the wand'rer late.

And there was holy joy in Heaven
Among the Angel Host,
When Jesus brought again His sheep,
Upon the mountains lost—
That soul, redeemed at such a price,
At such an awful cost !

But O, a greater joy remains,
Which words can never paint,
How, through the mighty Grace of God,
And by its sweet constraint,
The wanderer, through long, long years,
Became the humble Saint.

O bitterly he wept and prayed
O'er all his long past sin!
O rough and rocky was the path
He trod, this grace to win!
But stedfastly was he sustained
By Jesu's Grace within.

Know, Christian, such a Saint as this,
And such a record true,
Is shown thee for example bright,
To brace thy heart anew,
That thou may'st tread that humble path
Thus opened to thy view.

O Lord of Saints and penitents,
To us now grant, we pray,
That, whatsoever be our past,
We take our stand to-day,
And turn our faces Zionwards,
And keep the heavenly way. Amen.

S. Machutus.—*November 15th.*

54 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

OUT of tribulation,
Blest Machutus came,
And, by holy patience,
Won celestial fame,—
Through abundant sorrows,
Reached the rest on high,
Through the Cross of Jesus,
Gained the victory.

O the Cross of Jesus !
  Great Its wondrous power,—
Tender in Its sweetness,
  Through our darkest hour :
If we love Its sharpness
  In affliction's day,
It will bear us onward,
  Through our homeward way.

Christian, love It dearly,
  Bear It in thine heart,
Clasp It to thy bosom,
  Never from It part :
When, far on thy journey,
  Beulah's light we see,
It will be thy pillow
  Gently bearing thee ;

Bearing thee through Jordan,
  Till, its waters past,
It shall land thee safely
  On the shore at last,—
Then shall rise the sunlight,
  Never going down,
Where the beaming radiance
  Shows a glorious Crown.

All the noble victors
  Who have striven well,
Vanquishing through sorrow
  More than tongue can tell,

Out of tribulation
Great and bitter came,
And, by holy patience,
Won celestial fame. Amen.

S. Hugh.—*November 17th.*

55 C. M

A HOLY, gentle life was his,
Whose praise we sing to-day,
Devoted to his loving Lord
And to his flock alway.

In deeds of love his life was past,
In holy alms and prayer,
In close seclusion from the world,
Till called its toils to share.

And so in faithful service high
The years flew swiftly on,
Till dawned the day when, sick to death,
He knew he must be gone.

Thus, when his Master called to him,
And bade his labours cease,
He meekly answered, "Now, O Lord,
Let me depart in peace."

And as the voices sang in choir
At compline, hour of rest,
The Saintly soul took high its flight,
To sleep on Jesu's Breast.

O may we all, when death shall come,
And daily toil must cease,
Be able then to yield our souls,
And to depart "In peace." Amen.

S. Edmund.—*November 20th.*

56 S. M.

FIERCE rolled the heaving storm,
And all was wellnigh lost,
When Edmund sought his kingly throne,
On Anglia's rocky coast;

And lo! on her rude shore,
Where he was saved, that hour,
He built a Saintly hermitage,
And raised a lowly tower.

And there, for one long year
Of praise, he dwelt apart,
And learned, with holy joy and fear,
The Psalter sweet, by heart.

And, when through wrong and fraud,
The Saintly King was slain,
A hermit, holy, kept the tower
For sacred use again.

And there he placed a light,
To shine far out at sea,
Thus guiding to the haven safe,
Where each one longed to be.

And even in our day,
Upon that point of land,
A friendly light points out the way,
For ship-wrecked souls to land.

And Edmund's Saintly lamp
Has never ceased to shine,
Since that far day when all his heart
Was rapt in song divine.

O Lord, as we too seek
A Kingdom far away,
Guide us all safely o'er the deep,
Till dawns the endless Day;

And, though wellnigh a wreck,
We reach the distant shore,
O land us safely on the Rock
That stands for evermore.

That so, with all the Saints,
We learn Thy Praise by heart,
And ever in the eternal Choir
Bear our most thankful part.

And now light we our lamps
At Edmund's holy shrine,
That, as he glorified his Lord,
So we may humbly shine. Amen.

S. Cecilia.—*November 22nd.*

57 8. 7. 8. 7.

WHEN the morning stars together,
With the Angels, joyful sang,
Then with Alleluia glorious
High the endless anthem rang.

Then the Heavens declared His Glory,
Through His own Almighty Word;
Then the firmament bespangled
Showed the handiwork of God.

O the music of that morning,
Which the Great Creator praised!
O the anthem all melodious,
Which the shining Angels raised!

That was in the early daybreak—
Now it is the Holy Night,
When the lowly shepherds, watching,
See a new and wondrous light.

Now the Heavens declare His Glory,
As the Angels joyful sing
Of the wondrous new Creation,
Of the Advent of the King!

From on High the music cometh;
And it soundeth sweet to all
Who on earth are ever list'ning,
As the Angel-echoes fall.

And, to-day, the blest Cecilia
Seems to come before our eyes,
As she listens for the music
That is wafted from the skies.

And she leads us gently forward,
Till, all soul-entrancèd, we
Each resolve, "Lo! I will hearken
What Christ Jesus saith to me!"

Then, O then, the heart's true music,
And the melody, how sweet,
When He speaketh low and gentle,
And we listen at His Feet!

There, O there, with holy Mary,
There with all the Martyrs blest,
There with all the army Saintly,
May we ever take our rest;

As the highest Heavens are telling
Of the glory of the Lord,
And our hearts, in answering measure,
Are re-echoing the word.

Alleluia to the Father,
Alleluia to the Son,
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

With the Saints and holy Angels,
And the countless heavenly Host,
Praise our God and King Eternal,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

S. Clement.—*November 23rd.*

58 S. M.

DOWN, down into the deep,
The Martyr Saint sinks low;
For round his neck an anchor's weight
Is carrying him below.

Down, down into the deep!—
Then slumbers Clement blest;
And Angels guard that awful tomb,
And mark his place of rest.

Down, down below the deep,
The weeds about his head,
He rests till, on the last great Day,
The sea gives up her dead.

But O above the deep,
From that frail house of clay,
The happy spirit, o'er the waves,
Hath passed to endless day.

Securely anchored there,
Upon the eternal Shore,
Where shineth fair the crystal sea,
In peace for evermore.

O glory of that rest!
O sweet peace after strife,
For him whose name, while yet on earth,
Was in the Book of Life!

Out of the deep, O Lord,
Hear now Thy servants call;
For there is mercy sweet with Thee,
And at Thy Feet we fall.

Lord, hear our voice, we pray,
That, after this life past,
We may attain Thy heavenly Rest,
With all Thy Saints at last. Amen.

S. Katharine.—*November 25th.*

59 5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

IN ages long past,
In Canaanites' land,
When Sisera rose,
God's hosts to withstand,
The hand of a woman
Was strengthened with might,
Deliv'ring His people,
Their foes put to flight.

"And thus saith the Lord,
In these latter days
My Spirit outpoured,
Shall sound forth My Praise:
Thy sons and thy daughters
True prophets shall be,
To tell of My wonders,
And glorify Me."

E'en so on this day
  Of Saint ever blest,
We thankfully read,
  When sorely opprest,
How God was her Teacher,
  Her Wisdom, and Guide,
And gave her to conquer
  E'en learned men's pride.

O Grace of our God!
  Which strengthens the weak,
And touches their lips
  With wisdom to speak,
Which makes the strong gentle,
  The gentle makes strong—
To God and Him only
  Such power doth belong!

O praise we to-day
  The Wisdom of God!
And tell in the world
  His wonders abroad,
In all His Saints glorious
  He ever is blest,
To God, in Three Persons,
  All praise be addrest. Amen.

S. Nicolas.—*December 6th.*

60 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

THE Saint of little children
  To-day we call to mind,

That Saint so old and gentle,
That Saint so wondrous kind,
That Saint of youths and maidens,
Of travellers by sea,
And wand'rers over this world
Wherever they may be.

We know the guardian Angels'
Blest work and sweet employ
Is aye to keep from evil,
And fill with holy joy;
The Saints all gone before us
Must love and watch us still,
And do for each redeemed one
According to God's Will.

But chief, they lead us onward,
And heavenward point the way
To every earth-born wand'rer,
Lest he should go astray;
They hold on high Christ's banner,
With Holy Cross and shield,
And bid us all, full bravely,
Take now the battlefield.

And then, above us shining,
They show the golden Crown,
The palm branch and the lily,
The streets with roses strown,
The harping of the victors
Upon the Sea of glass;
The gates for those all open
Who into Glory pass.

Then to the Throne of Jesus,
They lead our trembling feet,
Until, with Him safe sheltered,
We rest in pastures sweet;
The pastures green of Eden
Above the starry skies,
The waters of the sheep-fold
All still in Paradise.

O Shepherd Dear, we thank Thee
For all Thy Saints so blest,
Who lead us ever onward
To our dear Home of rest:
O never, never leave us,
But keep us in the way,
Until at last we see Thee,
In everlasting Day. Amen.

Conception of B. V. M.—*December 8th.*

61 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

IN the great primeval darkness,
Ere the earth took shape and form,
Came the Holy Spirit downward,
Moving through the clouds and storm;
And, through all the realms nocturnal,
Through the deepest shades of night,
Rang the universal mandate—
God's own Word, "Let there be Light."

Then outstretched the radiant heavens,
  Then first bloomed the lily fair,
Then the starry worlds first sparkled,
  And sweet music filled the air;
For the earth, and sky, and water,
  Joyfully in chorus praised,
To the Lord, the Great Creator,
  Hymns of thankful love they raised.

But a nobler voice was wanting,
  Greatest in His mighty plan;
And, at length, our God created,
  Highest of His creatures, Man—
Made him lower than the Angels,
  But to crown with glory bright,
In His Image ever glorious
  Shining with His own true light.

Still a gentle voice was wanting,
  In that choir of praises high,
Till the Mother of all living
  Stood beneath the starry sky:
Then arose the mighty anthem
  To the Great Creator's Praise,
Ever glorious in His working,
  Wonderful in all His ways!

And alas! when that bright chorus
  Was untuned by graceless sin,
God proclaimed His new Creation,
  Souls all lost once more to win;

So to-day that Blessèd Mother
Came by God's Almighty Word,
And, in due appointed season,
Was the Mother of the Lord.

O the glory of that Mother,
Springing like a lily fair,
Radiant with celestial graces,
Mother pure and Virgin rare:
All her wondrous grace unfolding,
As the years roll swiftly on;
For sweet Mary was ordained,
Mother of the Incarnate Son.

Then the Angels sang in chorus
Hymns of joy and praises high,—
Then the *Gloria in Excelsis*
Sounded through the starry sky;
And the everlasting anthem
Still is rolling on and on,
Till the last voice joins the chorus,
Through the Blood of Jesus won.

Then the ever-glorious anthem
Shall in Heaven be sung for aye,
For the lost by grace regainèd
In the realms of endless day;
And the Son, the Word Incarnate,
Through the Virgin Mary blest,
Shall for ever, and for ever,
Be our God and King confest. Amen.

S. Lucy.—*December 13th.*

62 S. M.

O LIGHT, O Love, to-day,
Behold us as we bring
Our darkened lamps to Thee for grace,
To kindle as we sing.

That they may burn once more
With light of Grace divine,
And ever to Thy Glory, Lord,
With glowing radiance shine.

For else how can we join
Thy Saints' procession bright?
Or how, to-day, approach her shrine,
Whose name itself is light?

That Saint upon whose breast
There blooms a lily white,
And roses red of Martyrdom,
Sweet blossoms ever bright.

O may we seek, like her,
Heart-consecrate to be,
That we, through Christ, the Light, may shine
Through all Eternity.

Safe sheltered at His Feet,
Beneath the Saints all blest,
May we, at length, each one, be found,
And win our promised Rest. Amen.

O Sapientia.—*December 16th.*

63 L. M.

COME, heavenly Wisdom, fount of love,
Thou Word divine of God above,
Our hearts inflame, our spirits cheer
With fulness of Thy holy Fear.

Thee, loving Spirit, we address,
Descend and fill our loneliness;
Thy Might let all creation share
Who fillest all things everywhere.

Thy wondrous ordering from on high
Is power and presence ever nigh;
Our lips with holy love inspire,
Assist them with Thy heavenly fire.

O God, the Father, Thee we praise,
To Thee, O Son, our voice we raise;
Thee, Holy Spirit, we adore,
Blest source of Wisdom evermore. Amen.

S. Sylvester.—*December 31st.*

(See No. 1.)

PART II.

HYMNS FOR THE SAINTS' DAYS

SPECIALLY COMMEMORATED

IN THE

Scottish Calendar.

NOTE II.

Short Notes of the incidents touched upon in the Hymns for Saints peculiar to the Scottish Calendar will be published in the Second Edition of this Work, if sufficient encouragement is given to the Editor.

HYMNS FOR SAINTS' DAYS
IN
SCOTTISH CALENDAR.

S. David.—*11th January.*

64 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

OF the Church the "Nursing Father,"
As thy mother nurtured thee,
In thee, Saint of God and regal,
Sure a mother's love we see,
As she loved and as she prayed
Thou wert wellnigh sure to be.

So the Saintly mother beareth
Saintly sons of royal line,
Leading them with cares all tender
Deeper into things divine,
To the love of Jesus Blessèd,
Which beneath the Cross doth shine.

Thus when came the Saintly David
To the bitter hour of death,
'Tis not of his crown all regal
That he speaks with latest breath;
But the Cross his mother cherished
All death's terrors vanquisheth.

And he grasped it firm and joyful,
Loved it more than words can tell;
So for him is found a mansion
In the heavenly Citadel,
Where above the ramparts floating,
Jesu's banner showeth well.

So the son is as the mother,
Both in life, and yet in death,
They were not e'en then divided,
One their Lord and one their Faith—
Of the Church the guardians loyal,
Even to their latest breath.

Sweet S. Margaret, great S. David!
Christ we praise, with spirits bright,
For the graces in you, shedding
O'er the darkness cheering light,
Shedding, in the far off ages,
Glory through the clouds of night.

Jesus, Light of Light, be with us,
For the clouds are darksome still,
Guide and lead us in Thy Kingdom,
Lead us to Thy holy Hill,
Till in that Thy royal City,
Thou with joy our spirits fill.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Through the everlasting ages
Glory be to God alone. Amen.

S. Mungo *or* Kentigern.—*January 13.*

65 D. C. M.

"THE Saints shall go from strength to strength,
Until on Zion's Hill,
Before their Lord, they shall appear,
While joys their spirits fill;
Not one is wanting in that Host
Before the Throne on high,
For each one fought the battle well,
Each conquered gloriously."

"Now Alleluia to the Lord!
The Saints shall sing His Praise,
For just and holy is His Name,
And wondrous are His ways;"
The powers of evil, swift have fled
From out the ransomed land,
And now upon a world newborn
The Saints victorious stand.

The air with "Alleluia" rings
In Antiphon most high,
And "Alleluia" sounds again
Throughout the western sky;
The voices of two companies
As they in gladness meet,
And in the love of Jesus Christ
With joy each other greet.

If thus together meet on earth
The Saints from land and sea,
How will the endless praises sound,
What their last meeting be!
The glorious Alleluia then
Shall rise for aye and aye—
Grant, Lord, that we may each one find
Thy Mercy in that Day. Amen.

S. Colman.—*February 18th.*

66 6 of 8.

THE surging waves may rage and swell,
But over all the Lord doth reign,
Enthroned amid the Cherubim
He watcheth man's contentions vain.
For peace, O Christ, we cry to Thee,
Who dwellest where is "no more sea."

Full high between the Saints of old
As now, we see the waters rise,
And love alone can re-unite,
Such souls on this side Paradise.
For peace, O Christ, we cry to Thee,
For love, for holy charity.

And O 'tis sweet full well to know
The billows o'er the surface roll,
While in the depths the waters lie
Still as the well-spring of the soul;
Ah yes, and now those Saints we see
One, in a bright Eternity.

O give us grace, our dearest Lord,
That we may come when troubles cease
To that dear land of perfect rest,
Where hangs the radiant Crown of peace,
Where in that ever blest abode,
There reigns for aye, the Peace of God.
Amen.

S. Constantine.—*March 11th.*

67 4 of 10.

THE battle lost, his son amongst the slain,
Weary of contests, seeks he now repose;
A nobler victory is his to gain,
As cloistered gates upon him gently close.

Before the Crucified he casts his crown,
And lays earth's honours low at Jesu's Feet;
The worldling at his choice may smile or frown,
He loses self in meditation sweet.

And thus prepares he for that blessed day,
When he shall worship 'neath the great white Throne,
E'en heavenly honours gladly cast away,
Before the glory of the Eternal One.

O Jesus, Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Thou Ruler of all hearts, to Thee we pray
That we may strive to leave all earthly things,
If Thou Thyself dost lead us in the way.

Until with all Thy Saints in glory bright,
With Saints on earth, and all the Angel Host,
We praise and laud the Name of God most
High,
The Father, Son, and God the Holy Ghost.
Amen.

S. Patrick.—*March 17th.*

68 7. 7. 7. 5.

JESUS called a little child
Ere the world and sin defiled,
And in gentle accents mild
Taught simplicity.

Jesus chose the lily sweet
Blooming fragrant at His Feet,
Whence to teach us lessons meet
For Eternity.

So Thy Saint, O Lord, to-day,
Teaches how true wisdom's ray
Shineth on our darksome way
In Faith's Mystery.

Thus before the wise and great,
And the king in royal state,
Taught he early, preached he late,
Faith's deep Mystery.

Then for holy teaching high
On the Blessèd Trinity,
Plucked a little leaflet nigh,
Triple Mystery.

Thus they saw in things that be
Teaching for Eternity,
Worshipping the One in Three,
Three in Unity.

Lord, may we for aye abide,
Whatsoever may betide,
'Neath Thy Cross, Thy Saints beside,
In Humility.

Seeing Thee in all around,
With our sight by faith unbound,
Till in bliss with glory crowned,
We Thy Face may see. Amen.

S. Cyril.—*March 18th.*

69 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

GENTLE, loving, peaceful,
Was S. Cyril blest,
Wars and tumults round him,
Broke not his sweet rest—
For within his bosom
Precious treasure lay,
Love of God most fervent,
Guiding all his way.

Much he loved the needy,
Saw in them his Lord,
Gave his alms all bounteous,
As saith Jesu's word.
And the day is coming
When, with gladness meek,
Christ Himself will own him,
Gracious sentence speak.

"For that thou hast done it
Even unto Me,
I will own thy service
Through Eternity.
Thou hast battled bravely,
Now thy troubles cease,
Enter into Glory,
Enter into Peace."

Lord, we pray Thee, give us
What we hold most dear,
Of Thy Grace abundant,
Of Thy holy Fear;
But beyond all graces,
Every grace above,
Pour on us the fulness
Of Thy holy Love. Amen.

S. Cuthbert.—*March 20th.*

70 6 of 8.

WHAT shrine can be more glorious
Than that, where Cuthbert rests in peace!

Beneath the Altar's holy shade
He waiteth for his full release,
Until through vault and aisle shall ring
The final summons of the King.

Grand place of rest, for him who spent
His days the soul of man to save,
On rugged moor, on lonely isle,
Where wild birds soar above the wave,
Strange Patmos, where, far o'er the sea
Float echoes from Eternity.

What worship should be ours, what prayers,
What praises and what triumph high,
Where towards the east sleeps Cuthbert blest,
Where at the west S. Bede doth lie;
O sure a guard of Angels bright
Must keep the shrines of Saints in Light!

But chiefest Lord, we praise Thy Name,
Who showed'st Thy Saint the glorious road,
And planted him within Thy Fold
"None other than the House of God."
And thus most blest, to him 'twas given
To find it too, "The Gate of Heaven!"

And now what recks he of the storms
That broke upon the lonely isle?
What recks he of temptation fierce,
Of trials sore, and fears meanwhile?
Now round him spread the waters still,
The pastures 'neath the holy Hill.

Full soon shall shine the glassy Sea
Upon those Saintly eyes that sleep,
Full soon the victors' harp-notes clear
Across its crystal depths shall sweep,
Full soon.—Now peacefully all wait
Their summons through the Golden Gate!

S. Gilbert.—*April 1st.*

71 7. 6. 7. 6.

"MINE eyes can never slumber,
My head can take no rest,
Until I build God's Temple
For holy service blest."

Thus still in souls all Saintly
This burning fire of love
Shines forth to mark their calling,
Their lineage true to prove;

And so the blessèd Gilbert,
Of whom we sing to-day,
Longed sore to build a temple,
Wherein to praise and pray.

But O, a work more noble,
A work more blest than this,
To train ourselves, and others,
For everlasting bliss.

The temples of the Spirit
To cleanse and keep from sin,
They ever rising higher
'Mid silent work within.

Until in that fair Country
All radiant with God's Love,
We dwell for ever praising
With all the Saints above! Amen.

S. Serf.—*April 20th.*

72 6 of 8.

WHERE deep tumultuous waters rave
On base of rock and ruined tower,
'Tis said that o'er the wintry wave,
Whene'er the deadlier tempests lower,
Upon the wind is heard to float
A weird and melancholy note.

Hard by, alone with God, alone,
The Saint within his cavern cell
In lone night watches heard that moan,
As threatening of the powers of Hell,
Oft knew the monarch of the air,
With power to harm was present there.

'Twas awful in the gathering night,
When sank the sun, the hills behind,
With waning of the watery light
To hear the weeping of the wind,
To know no human touch was near,
No voice to break the sounds of fear.

To know that all around unseen,
Fierce spirits watch the soul of man;
No tool untried, no weapon keen,
The ruin of each soul to plan;
Oh! great the strain and the distress
To Saints who serve in loneliness.

Alone with God alone—Ah! soul,
'Tis not alone, if He be near;
The wailing wind, the tempest roll,
The haunted gloom, the spectral fear,
Are empty shadows, phantoms dim,
If solitude be filled with Him.

S. Columba.—*June 9th.*

73 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

AS erst the ark was riding
Upon the waters high,
A dove was sent by Noah,
Through heav'n's clear shining sky;
But not e'en for her footsteps
Could resting-place be found—
Above, the azure heavens,
The restless waters, round.

And still the ark was riding
Upon the waters high—
Again the dove's soft pinions
Cleft heav'n's clear shining sky;

And straight a branch of olive,
Sweet harbinger of peace,
She bore with her, thus bringing
An earnest of release.

And yet the anxious Noah
Sent forth the dove once more;
But this time she returned not,
From off the distant shore:
O was it that she lingered,
Above the rolling sea,
And folded her fair pinions
Upon the olive tree!

And so the blest Columba,
The Saint of dove-like name,
Inspired by God's own Spirit,
Across the wild sea came;—
All winged with love and fervour,
He left his much-loved cell,
And came to land, a stranger,
'Mid strangers rude to dwell.

But Oh! the promise glorious
Was shining overhead—
Starlike, on brow all Saintly,
Its heavenly light was shed;
For "he that leaves his kindred
And home beloved for Me,
Shall wear a Crown in glory
Of purest victory!"

And so he loved and conquered,
And so he lived and died—
He died in glow of radiance
The Altar-steps beside;
And, up above the waters
And clouds of earth so dark,
The Angels bright enfold him
In God's eternal Ark!

O Saviour of the blessèd!
O Shepherd of the lost!
O Ark above the waters
For all the tempest tossed!
Save, Lord, be Thou our Shelter
Over the earth's wild sea:
We have no hope, no pasture,
No safety but in Thee! Amen.

S. Ternan.*—*June 12th.*

74 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

THE line of Christ's Apostles
Is yet a living one:
Their Pentecostal mitres
Still pass from sire to son;
And still, where'er the Gospel
Rings out both full and free,
Is found some brave chief pastor
A shepherd true to be.

* S. Ternan's name is not, strictly speaking, in the Scottish Calendar, but being the Patron Saint of more churches than one in Scotland, it is thought well to commemorate his Festival by an appropriate hymn.

And so was blessèd Ternan
  Sent by the Great High Priest,
To call the darkened wand'rers
  Unto His gladsome Feast!
For so he loved and laboured
  As did the twelve of yore,
Till error's clouds were scattered,
  And Truth shone evermore.

And so the Christian ages
  Are bonded each to each
By gifts of them that govern,
  And work, and feed, and teach;
And so the world's great pilgrim,
  God's Church, still fareth on
Until the Day has broken,
  Until the night is gone.

Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
  We see Thee in this sign:
We feel Thy Gracious Presence,
  And own that all is Thine!
It weareth fast to even,—
  Abide with us, abide;
And let Thy Peace for ever
  On us be multiplied.

And so to Thee be anthem,
  And chant, and hymn, addrest,
With incense and oblation,—
  The blessing of the blest:

To Father and to Spirit,
Thro' Thee Redeeming Son,
Be might, and love, and merit,
In one, as Thou art One. Amen.

S. Palladius.—*July 6th.*

75 D. C. M.

"HE all but failed!" Ah me! Ah me!
If life a failure prove,
All lived for Jesus, day by day,
All burning with His Love!
'Tis true his mission seemed in vain,
His heart might well be faint,
But yet he trod the weary road,
And now he reigns, a Saint.

God gave him seed to sow—then sent
Another hand to reap;
He gave him grace to point the way
To seek the wandering sheep.
And thus when all his work was done,
O'er land and stormy sea,
He called His faithful servant home,
Home for Eternity.

O Jesu! be our only care
To do Thy Blessèd Will,
Whene'er Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt,
If Thou art with us still.

Then whatsoe'er our failures prove,
As men our failures see,
Our heavenly treasure all is safe,
Our portion sure in Thee! Amen.

S. Ninian.—*September 16th.*

76 7. 6. 7. 6.

"A PRINCE among the princes,
Of noble stature he,
Fit youth for bravest warrior,
Assured of victory!"

But lo! his heavenly Father,
To other battlefield,
Full gently calleth Ninian
Himself for Christ, to yield.

For sword he grasps the crosier,
For shield—the Shield of faith,
And takes for watchword glorious
"E'en faithful unto death!"

Then consecrate to Jesus
He seeks for souls astray,
That he may gently win them
To tread the narrow way.

A Church he builds full joyful
For holy praise and prayer,
Of purest stones comparted,
Snow-white beyond compare.

But living stones he seeketh,
Above all precious things,
Wherewith to raise a temple
To Christ, the King of kings.

And then in old age hoary,
His life-work well nigh done,
He sank to rest all peaceful,
As sinks the setting sun.

O Jesus, grant Thy Blessing,
That when our call shall come,
We too may rise and follow,
Until we reach our Home. Amen.

S. Adamnan.—*September 23rd.*

77 4 of 8. 7. D.

LO! our fathers have declarèd
How the Lord hath done of old,
How His Servants He hath guided,
How He kept and keeps His Fold—
Lo! they tell that He is Glorious,
Chiefest in His chosen Saints,
In their battles, and self-conquest,
In the love that never faints.

O 'tis sweet to tell their story,
Fragrant with celestial grace,
Shining with increasing brightness
From the high and holy place.

Thus, to-day, the blest Adamnan,
Comes by faith before our eyes,
With dear record of another
Sainted long in Paradise.

Now he shares the peaceful glory
In the Lord's own Presence bright,
Now he tells the story wondrous
Joyful 'mid the Saints in light.
There Adamnan and Columba
Meet before the Throne on High,
Ever surely, interceding
For those loved so tenderly.

O that soon the holy places
Scatter'd o'er our sea-girt isle,
May arise from out their ruin,
And on land and ocean smile!
So once more may Saintly praises
Ring forth joyful thro' the air,
And the evening and the morning
Mark again the day of prayer.

Thus at every holy Altar
May Thy Priests be seen to stand,
Pleading aye before the Father
For the Church's ransomed land—
Hasten it, O God, the Father,
Thro' Thy well-belovèd Son,
Sanctify, O God, the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One. Amen.

S. Margaret of Scotland.—*Nov. 16th.*

78 6 of 8.

FOR all the Saints who reign above,
We thank Thee, Lord, for they are Thine;
And they are ours: their faith, their love,
Offered for us before Thy shrine:
Than Margaret's soul, no soul more fair,
Adores the sacred Presence there.

On Scotland's hills the mists are laid,
In rolling clouds their slopes are dight;
Then breaks the sunlight through the shade,
Each peak irradiate lives in light;
E'en so, through mists of evil days,
On forms transfigured, rest the rays.

When England felt the foeman's hand,
When sank her armour in the strife,
A galley grounded on the sand
Which lines the shore of windy Fife;
She bore the richest freight of all
To Scotland's realm, to Malcolm's hall.

He gave the ancient diadem,
The spousal sceptre to her hand,
That she might bear her part with them
He gave his power to her command;
She held them all as earthly things
For service of the King of kings.

Sweet Queen ! her jewels, rich and rare,
In gold about her brow are set—
Chaste love maternal, grace of prayer,
Such is the Crown of Margaret;
It fails not with the failing breath,
It brightens in the shades of death.

With chant and holy festival
We come, O Christ our King, to Thee;
Kings, Queens, and peasants, all we hail
Whose brows are bright with purity,
In them Thy Glory we adore,
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

S. Ode.—*November 27th.*

79 6 of 8.

THEY seem to fade, they seem to pass,
The flowers of God's sweet garden-ground,
To us they are but names, alas !
As through the year their titles sound:
How sweet their scent, how bright their hue,
Those hearts alone who loved them knew.

To earth their fragile petals fell;
'Twas dust to dust, and earth to earth;
The Heavenly Gardener knew full well
The ripening fruits' celestial worth:
Through storms the radiant flowers may dim,
The glorious fruit matures for Him. Amen.

S. Drostane.—*December 14th.*

80 PART I. 8. 7. 8. 7.

DROSTANE'S story, Drostane's glory,
Let our choir sing loud and free;
Faith's devotion, love's emotion,
Up to age from infancy.

God beseeching, that like teaching,
And the grace may be our own:
Following therefore Drostane's warfare,
Till we come to Drostane's throne!

PART II. 3 of 8. 7.

Holy Drostane, manly Christian,
True Confessor of the faith;
Dear to God from earliest childhood;
Preached the saving Cross till death;
Famous in the Church's story,
To the hour of latest breath!

Him we honour, him we reverence,
With memorials that are meet;
And we supplicate with fervour
To be near the heavenly Seat,
Where the Saint, all joys possessing,
Shall his fellow-servants greet.

PART III.

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

The Annunciation.—*March 25th.*

81 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

FEW chosen unto glory,
But many, many called :—
O saddest warning sounding
To man by sin enthralled !
O very few are chosen,
Be they or bond or free :—
To-day, see blessèd Mary
Accepted graciously.

Accepted—O what glory !
Accepted of the Lord !
To be the blessed Mother
Of Him by all adored !
Accepted—O what secrets
Are wrapt within that word !—
A heart all consecrated,
A hidden life in God.

All ready for the message,
Sweet Mary in her cell,
Scarce starteth as she list'neth
To Angel Gabriel :

Only, like holy maiden,
She pond'reth in her heart,
How all shall be accomplished,
Not doubting of her part.

Hail! graciously accepted,
Hail! favoured of the Lord!
We catch the Angel greeting,
And echo back the word:
It soundeth sweet as music,
Afar o'er land and sea—
Hail! thou that art accepted,
Accepted graciously!

Behold, O Lord, Thine handmaid—
According to Thy Word,
Do Thou to me Thy servant,
My Saviour and my Lord!
O Gabriel, what a message
Hast thou to tell on high!
Those tidings, how they echo,
All through the starry sky!

O very few are chosen:
Dear Saviour, grant that we
May be of that blest number,
That little company,
That, with Thy blessèd Mother,
In our poor measure, we
May be accepted also,
Accepted graciously. Amen.

The Annunciation in Holy Week.—

82 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

IN the midst of gladness, sorrow,
In the midst of sorrow, joy—
Darkness deep obscures the moonlight—
Moonbeams, shades of night destroy;
For above the smiles and sighing
Of this bright but sin-stained earth,
Shines the Will of God, preparing
All things for their second birth.

None can yet partake of gladness,
All untempered by the Rood—
None can bear Its weight of anguish,
Save by Jesu's succour good:
Thus the shady woodland branches
Hide the sunlight from our sight,
Thus the Cross of Jesus chequers
Earth's, perchance, too dazzling light.

So sweet Mary this day standeth
In the midst of all her joy,
Shrouded in the Lenten shadows,
Deep'ning in their sad alloy;
And her snowy lily shining,
As by faith we see her stand,
Seems already shadowed over
By a cloud from far-off land.

Soon will sorrow be her portion,
Ere she reach the shining goal,
And the deeper, sharper anguish,
Sword-like, pierce her inmost soul;
But in all the gath'ring darkness,
Still the light from Gabriel's word
Shines with beams all radiant on her,
Mary, Mother of the Lord!

So, in gladness, hail the sorrow,—
So, in sorrow, hail the joy—
Thus shall gladness speak of Heaven,
And the bliss without alloy:
Thus we learn from blessèd Mary
Aye to dwell beneath the Cross,
And to count, for that blest station,
Earthly praise and honour, loss.

And, at length, shall shine the radiance
Of the never-changing Day,
When the angels come, and go not,
But abide with us for aye;
Where the lily-wreaths are blooming,
'Neath the sun that goes not down,
Where each brave, each true cross-bearer
Shall receive a glorious Crown. Amen.

Feast of S. Matthew.—*September 21st.*

83 3 of 8. 7.

AT the seat of earthly custom,
Near the Galilean Sea,

Jesus saw a man "and loved him,"
Whispered softly, "Follow Me;"
Straightway then he rose and followed,
Closely, closely followed he.

And 'twas not enough to follow;
He a feast for Christ must spread;
He must call his breth'ren round him,
Lead them to the Living Bread,
To the Healing Balm of Gilead,
Where all souls are healed and fed.

Little knew he of the future,
Of the depths of Christ's command,
Knew not of the Martyr's roses,
Knew not of the heathen land,
Where perchance he grasped the guerdon,
Through the stroke of impious hand.

All—he left for love of Jesus,
All—he gave for love of Him,
Love's sweet light for ever shining,
Guiding through the shadows dim;
Thus "a man" becometh Saintly,
Christ's dear Love transforming him.

Lord, from midst of earthly custom,
From the love of earthly gold,
Lead us to the Rest eternal,
To the glories manifold,
Where for ever, close beside Thee,
We shall dwell in joys untold. Amen.

Festivals of Virgin Martyrs.

84 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

O THE lilies and the roses,
In the garden of God's Love!
O the crowns of pearls and rubies,
Treasured bright in Heaven above!
O the palms for ever waving,
Round the shining crystal sea!
O the ringing of the harp-notes,
In the songs of victory!

O the canticle all secret,
Save to purest souls, unknown!
O the worship of the victors,
Round the rainbow-circled Throne!
Fear not then, O soul, for Jesus
Tribulation sore to face:
'Tis through sorrow, 'tis through anguish,
We must win the heavenly race.

'Neath the thorns, we seek the lilies,
On the Martyr's breast, the rose—
Purest gems, 'mid earth's defilement,
Victor's wreath, 'mid fallen foes.
And the Master loves to gather
Lilies in His garden found,
There, with ruddy blossoms twining,
Planted in the holy ground.

O the lilies and the roses,
In the garden of God's Love!
O the crowns of pearls and rubies
Treasured bright in Heaven above!
Fear not then, O soul, for Jesus
Tribulation sore to face:
'Tis through sorrow, 'tis through anguish,
We must win the heavenly race. Amen.

All Saints.

85 D. C. M.

ONE glow of colour is not light,
Though shining as a gem;
One Saint is not the Church of God,
Though crowned with diadem;
But many hues are lost in light,
And form its purest ray,
And thousand thousand Saints of God
All meet in endless day.

And thus the Universal Church,
All glorious and divine,
With radiancy of purest light,
Doth ever brightly shine;
For lo! in her all Sanctity,
All Saints, though diverse, meet—
A vast and countless multitude
At our dear Master's Feet.

Each hath his own peculiar place
In God's great rainbow bright;
Yet not one colour stands alone,
But all are blent in light;
And only in the Church below
May drops of sorrow fall,
And break the radiancy of light,
Itself uniting all.

Yet are they blessèd tear-drops shed
For sins of various dye,
And show God's covenant of Love
For all beneath the sky;
Show that the deluge vast of sin
Shall ne'er the earth o'erspread,
As long as that bright token blest
Is shining overhead.

And lo! it shineth evermore,
For, round about the Throne,
The rainbow of the Love of God
Crowns the Eternal One;
No tears divide the radiance there—
For, in that endless day,
Christ gently, with His piercèd Hand,
Shall wipe all tears away.

O come that day all glorious!
That day of peace and rest,
That day of endless jubilee
For all the spirits blest;

And, lest we lose a portion sure
On the Eternal Shore,
May Christ, the King of Saints, be ours
Both now and evermore. Amen.

Hymn for Saints' Days falling in Penitential Seasons.

86 6 of 8.

THE Saints keep highest Festival,
When all around is dark and drear,
When faithless spirits flee away,
Nor friend nor solace seemeth near;
O then how bright their graces shine,
How glorious then their strength divine.

And thus when we commemorate
Their holy names to us most dear,
We do so on their day of death,
When love of Jesus calmed each fear,
When thro' the dungeon, fire, and sword,
They won the battle of the Lord.

All-glorious now they reign above,
Where neither death nor fear can come;
No shadows flit across the sky,
In that eternal, beauteous Home;
There, no defilement enters in,
No pain, nor sickness—nought of sin!

But in the Church still Militant,
These Holy Days of Martyrs blest,
Or of Confessors brave and true,
Who won by other paths their rest,
Still shine they dim beneath the cloud
Of Penitential Season's shroud.

And well it is—for Saintly souls
From deepest tribulation came,
And all thro' sorrow won the Crown,
Thro' conflict sore, the Saintly name!
Thus learn, O soldier of the Cross,
To reckon all things else—but loss! Amen.

Holy Communion.

87 3 of 8. 6.

I scarce can tread the holy ground
Before the Mercy Seat;
I can but fall upon my face
And worship at His Feet;
And yet the Angels seem to sing,
"His Presence is so sweet!"

My soul, O wherefore dost thou shrink
Upon the holy hill?
Alas! for hands and heart all cleansed,
A consecrated will!
And yet the Angels seem to sing,
"Here, joys all spirits fill!"

I will kneel on till Jesus comes,
My Lord surpassing Fair,
Until He feeds me with Himself,
My King without compare;
For yet the Angel voices sing,
"His dwellings, lovely are!"

Thus will I tread the holy ground,
Before the Mercy Seat;
Thus will I fall upon my face,
And worship at His Feet,
So with the Angels I may sing,
"His Presence is so sweet!" Amen.

Eucharistic.

88 I. 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

JESU, tender Shepherd,
Caring for Thine own,
Thou hast called us gently
To thine Altar-throne.
To the choir of Angels,
To the Throne on high,
To the Saints in glory
Far beyond the sky.
Jesu, tender Shepherd, &c.

Jesu, tender Shepherd,
In the pastures green,
Near the tranquil waters,
Thou art ever seen.

But below, in mercy,
Thou to our dim eyes,
Show'st the endless glories,
Bright in Paradise.
Jesu, tender Shepherd, &c.

Jesu, tender Shepherd,
All who follow Thee
Shine in snowy raiment,
Bright with purity,
Bright above all brightness,
With Thy holy Love,
With all kindness tender,
As the Hosts above.
Jesu, tender Shepherd, &c.

So, whene'er Thou call us
To Thine Altar-throne,
May we ever seek Thee
Thro' Thy Grace alone;
Casting all behind us
For the pearl unpriced,
For Thy mystic Presence,
For Thyself, O Christ.
Jesu, tender Shepherd, &c.
Amen.

II.

89 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

NOW with lowly adoration,
Seek we Jesu's Altar-throne,

All things of the world forgotten,
Rest we here with Christ alone;
See the spotless Body offered,
See the precious Blood outpoured;
Know by faith the wondrous Presence,
Hail with joy our hidden Lord.

Seek we Jesus? Angel voices
Tell us softly, all is well,
Nought can harm us, as we search Him
Cometh bliss which none can tell:
He to us is manifested,
Though we weep in sorrow lone,
Calling us by name most gently,
Rolling back the sealèd stone.

Seek we Jesus? we shall find Him:
Hark! He crieth, "Come to Me
All ye weary, heavy laden,
Rest, and peace, and joy to see;"
So we come, dear Lord, before Thee,
Seek Thee at Thine Altar-throne,
All things of the world forgotten,
Rest we here, with Thee alone.

Seek we Jesus? here He dwelleth,
Here His special grace we hail;
Thou, O Christ, Thyself art hidden
Neath the Eucharistic veil.
Soon, O soon, may we behold Thee,
When the mists have rolled away,
Circled with the holy Angels
In the never-ending day.

But, till then, we bow before Thee
At Thy holy Altar-throne,
All things of the world forgotten,
Worship Thee, our Lord alone;
Praise we with the Saints in glory,
And the countless Angel host,
God, the Three in One, most Mighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

III.

90 7. 6. 7. 6.

O JESU, Thou art present
Where'er we kneel and pray,
And ever art Thou near us,
To succour night and day.

But O, before Thine Altar,
Thy sweetest Grace we hail;
Thy Eucharistic Presence,
Though hidden 'neath the veil.

O who would wish, dear Jesu,
That Thou should'st not be here?
Or who would not adore Thee,
When Thou in truth art near?

We may not hope in Heaven
To kneel before the Throne,
Nor join the awful worship
Of Thee we love alone;

If now, before Thine Altar,
We ne'er have knelt in prayer,
Nor hailed the wondrous Presence
Which Thou vouchsafest there.

Above, below, one worship
Unites the Church in one,
The ceaseless adoration
Of God's Incarnate Son.

'Tis thus, O Lord, before Thee,
Thy sweetest Grace we hail,
Thy Eucharistic Presence,
Though hidden 'neath the veil. Amen.

Septuagesima.

91 3 of 8. 7.

AS the gentle twilight falling
Softly veils the light of day,
Heralding the coming darkness,
Though with tender, soothing ray,
Thus we greet this holy season,
Ere the night, obscures the day.

Now in hidden mystery veilèd,
Jesus dwells at Nazareth,
Waits the Spirit's consecration,
Death in life, and life in death,
Ere the Forty Days' dread conflict,
Tells how Jesus vanquisheth.

Then full soon the midnight darkness
Gathers deep on Calvary;
O my soul, thyself accusing,
There thine own Redeemer see,
Haste betimes to that dear Station
Where sin-laden souls may flee.

At the Sepulchre close sealèd,
Watch thou then the dawn of day,
Wait thee there the bright sun-rising;
Thou shalt hear the Angels say,
"Fear not ye, for He is Risen!"
Lo! He meets thee on thy way.

Praise we then our hidden Saviour,
In the Home of Nazareth,
Praise we Him in darkness shrouded
On His bitter Cross of death,
Praise we Him in Easter glory,
As our foes He vanquisheth. Amen.

Quinquagesima.

92 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

THERE shines a radiant jewel,
More bright than precious stone,
A grace beyond all graces,
Yet binding all in one:
O Love of God, O Love of God,
For Thee I long, for Thee alone.

Full many thoughts beset us,
E'en in this world of grace;
But all things else forgotten,
I speed me in the race:
For Thee, the prize, O Love of God,
Urge Thou my crippled laggard pace.

Full many prayers are uttered
Before the eternal Throne:
Be one, my aspiration,
Be one, my thirst alone:
O Love of God, O Love of God,
Uniting every grace in one!

Thus nought I reckon all things,
Save this one Grace divine,
Which from the Cross of Jesus
Doth ever brightly shine:
O Love of God, O Love of God,
Be Thou for ever, ever mine!

Pure, sparkling, radiant Jewel,
More bright than precious stone,
The "altogether lovely,"
The One, the only One:
O Love of God, O God of love,
'Tis Thou art Love, 'tis Thou alone.
Amen.

Rogation-Tide.

93 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

LO! again the spring-tide
Comes with golden light,
All creation travaileth
In her birthday bright,
Trees and flowers are budding
Into life once more—
Loving call to worship:
Praise we and adore!

Walk about our Zion,
Tell her bulwarks high,
Mark her towers all shining,
Rising to the sky:
Praise our God for mercy,
Shown in days long past,
Pray that He may grant us
Pardon to the last.

Pray that He vouchsafe us
Fruitful seasons bright,
Harvest fields maturing,
In the summer light;
So both rich and poorer,
Sowing precious seed,
May rejoice together,
Bringing sheaves indeed.

Chiefly let us praise Him,
In our worship high,
For His wondrous Mercy
Shown on Calvary:
There, O there our Station,
At the Feet of Christ,
In our daily worship,
In our Eucharist.

Lord, we now beseech Thee,
Look not on our sin,
But on Him Who saved us,
That Thy grace we win—
That at length ws reach Thee,
Through Thy Love and Grace,
Worship and adore Thee,
See Thee Face to face. Amen.

Ember Days.

94 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

SPIRIT Blest of Power and Love,
At this holy time returning,
Shed Thy radiance from above,
Fire celestial ever burning;
In the souls prepared for Thee,
Light the flame of charity.

At the Altar bending low,
For the Altar's sake appealing,
To the Altar's Life we bow,
In deep adoration kneeling,
For the souls who would be Thine
In the service of Thy shrine.

Bid Thy rushing mighty wind
Sweep away the mists enfolding;
Clear the clouds, the eye that blind
From the light divine beholding;
Ere their brows, O Holy Ghost,
Burn with fire of Pentecost.

At the Altar may they plead,
With the gifts of Benediction,
For the souls of all who need,
For the brethren in affliction;
Helpers of the tender soul,
Servants of the sick and whole.

Be they holy, be they brave,
Guardians of the trust then given;
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Poor for earth, most rich for Heaven:
In the vineyard may they be
Labourers for Eternity. Amen.

Trinity-Tide.

95 6. 5. 6. 5. 7. 7.

HARK! the Angel-trumpet
Loud and long doth call,

Hither, "Come up hither,
I will show thee all,
All the things that yet must be,
Through a vast Eternity."

Lo! a door is opened
In the highest Heaven,
Lo! a glorious Vision
Unto us is given,
As we gaze, through gates of gold,
At the marvels yet untold.

In the burning Glory
Round about the Throne,
All the wondrous creatures
Worship God alone.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
Now and aye to be adored!

See the emerald rainbow,
Circling round His Seat,
See the crownèd elders
Prostrate at His Feet,
There before His Presence fall,
Who is King and Lord of all.

And that glorious worship
Is alone for Christ,
Round His Feet adoring
In vast Eucharist.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
Now and aye to be adored!

Christ, for ever open
That celestial door,
On Thy waiting Churches
Heavenly wisdom pour,
That for ever they may see
What eternally must be.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
With the Holy Spirit,
Three, yet ever One.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
Now and aye to be adored! Amen.

Home Missions.

96 I. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 10.

ONE Shepherd and one fold to be!
How bright the dawn, O earth to thee
When that day shall appear!
Rejoice, thou little flock, rejoice,
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
What Jesus saith He keeps, ah! never fear.

Good Shepherd, is the dayspring far?
Already green the pastures are,
God's Grace and Love appear;
In twilight melt the shades of night,
Blind pilgrims, hasten to the light;
What Jesus saith, He keeps, ah! never fear.

O come, Thou faithful Shepherd, come,
Let daylight's beams dispel the gloom,
  Thy wandering sheep to cheer.
They wander distant from the fold;
Thou tender flock, look up, behold!
  What Jesus saith, He keeps, ah! never fear.

Through yielding clouds, the daylight streams
On earth's dark valley fall the beams,
  They lighten far and near;
The thirsting children of the waste
Of life's discovered fountains taste!
  For Jesus saith, "Draw nigh;" ah! never fear.

All open lies the vale of death;
Come Thou and blow, Thou mighty breath.
  Dry bones your summons hear;
The Angel of the covenant
Upon this path His Feet shall plant;
  What Jesus saith, He keeps, ah! never fear.

O royal radiance of that day!
In Heaven, the Christ's eternal ray,
  On earth the vision clear—
The vision of full truth and light,
Of joy and peace in union bright,
  What Jesus saith, He keeps, ah! never fear.

II.

97 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

JESUS, Jesus, nought but Jesus
  Shall my wish be and my zeal,

Now I make a steadfast promise
That I will what Jesus will;
For my heart, which Jesus fills,
Only wills what Jesus wills.

One there is to Whom I hasten;
Late and early, Him I love;
Jesus is it. Him I offer
What He gave me from above;
For the heart which He hath filled,
Only wills what Jesus willed.

Jesu, Jesu, tell me truly
All that is opposed to Thee;
Take it from me, Jesu take it,
Give me what is fit for me;
Let my heart, which Jesus fills,
Only will what Jesus wills.

In me, through me, on me, Jesu,
O fulfil Thy Will indeed;
Bring it all to full completion,
In my life, my joy, my need;
Let the heart which Thou hast filled,
Only will what Thou hast willed. Amen.

III.

98 C. M.

THE love of God embraces all
Beyond the great wide sea,
It stretches forth to distant lands,
It fills Eternity.

Yet here It paints the smallest flower
That grows around our feet,
It fills the joyous country air,
It cheers the gloomy street.

And we must be like that great Love,
Which reacheth far and wide;
Yet loveth every little one
That clingeth to our side.

That Love which sees in every soul,
Which Jesus died to win,
A soul that must be saved and kept
From misery and sin.

O Holy Ghost, upon us pour
The fulness of Thy Love,
That we at least may gather some,
Meet for Thy Courts above.

That we at length may stand with joy
Before the Great White Throne,
With dear ones round us, shining bright
Thro' Jesus' Blood alone.

O Christ, behold us in that day,
With those whom Thou hast given,
To be our joy e'en here on earth,
Our crowning grace in Heaven. Amen.

IV.

99 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

COME, O Sinner, come to Jesus—
He it is Who calleth thee,
He it is Who paid the ransom,
Hanging on the bitter Tree;
He it is the tender Shepherd,
Calling ever, low and sweet;
Haste thee, Sinner, heavy-laden,
Haste and rest beneath His Feet.

Come, O Sinner, come to Jesus—
Can'st thou look and not love Him?
See His Hands and Feet all bleeding!
See His eyes with sorrow dim!
All for Thee those Hands were pierced—
All, O Sinner, all for thee—
He it is Who paid thy ransom,
Hanging on the bitter Tree.

Come, O Sinner, come to Jesus—
See His Hands outstretched to bless,
He will grant thee Kingly pardon,
And the grace of holiness;
One thing only He requireth
(That His mercy thou mayest win)—
Hatred of thy past transgression,
Hearty leaving of thy sin.

Cry, O Sinner, cry to Jesus—
He these precious gifts will grant;
Only come to Him in earnest,
He supplieth every want;
For to Him all power belongeth,
In the sky, and earth, and sea;
And 'tis this Almighty Saviour
Who still crieth, "Come to Me."

Jesus! Jesus! now I see Thee,
Now, by Faith, to Thee I cling;
Nothing, Lord, but what Thou givest,
Nothing, Lord, to Thee I bring.
Only Thou my being drawest
With the cords of Thine Own Love,
And constrained by Thee I follow,
Humbly seek my Home above. Amen.

Processional.

I.

100 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7.

ADVANCE! Advance! the day is come
To sing our Maker's praises;
Each thankful heart in faith and hope,
The strain of joy upraises:
In robes all pure and white
We chase the shades of night,
The gloom shall pass away
Before the dawn of day;
The Lord of Hosts is with us.

Advance! Advance! though sore the strife,
Though timid hearts are quailing,
The Lord of Hosts doth lead our van,
And He is all availing:
With His blest Presence near,
No mortal foe we fear;
Our Captain goes before,
'Mid strife of battle sore;
The Lord of Hosts is with us.

Advance! Advance! nor gaze behind,
Nor deem the pathway weary;
The Leader's footsteps print the track,
Through all that region dreary:
In faith we follow on,
We tread where He has gone;
The stormy wind may rave,
The stormy wind we brave;
The Lord of Hosts is with us.

Advance! Advance! lift up your hearts!
The sky above doth lighten;
Most dark around the shadows fall,
Ere rays of dawn may brighten:
The night is dark and chill,
The dawn is on the hill,
We reck not of the night,
'Twill soon be warm and bright;
The Lord of Hosts is with us.

Advance! Advance! ah, dearest Lord,
'Tis Thou, 'tis Thou dost lead us;
'Tis Thou dost point the narrow way,
'Tis Thou dost tend, dost feed us:
No power, no might have we,
Our strength is all of Thee;
At morn, at eventide,
Our aid, our hope, our guide;
Great Lord of Hosts be with us. Amen.

II.

101 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

SWING the censer, wave the banner,
Lift the Cross of Christ on high,
Follow onward, follow onward,
With glad hymns of victory:
Raise your voices, thankful people,
Join the anthem high of praise—
For our God hath gained the battle;
Lift your hearts, your voices raise!

Deep as midnight's deepest darkness,
Was the gloom that hung around,
When was heard the pealing thunder,
And the fire ran on the ground;
But the raindrops poured their fountains,
And the sun burst forth again,
And the glorious rainbow, glowing
As the shining after rain.

Swing the censer, &c.

Dread and fearful was the conflict—
Satan vexed the Saints full sore;
Now with poisoned darts all deadly,
Dark temptations more and more.
But the Cross of Christ hath triumphed,
He hath set His people free;
For He won our great salvation,
When He reigned upon the Tree.
Swing the censer, &c.

Follow onward, follow onward,
In the path of God's dear Will,
Till ye reach the verdant pastures,
And the beauteous waters still;
Till ye join the vast procession,
The procession of the Lamb,
Wheresoe'er He leadeth onward,
Follow ye in Jesu's Name.
Swing the censer, &c. Amen.

Children's Processional.

102 8. 7. 8. 7.

LO! on Sion's holy mountain,
Stands the Lamb of God Most High,
While around Him all the guileless
Chant His Praise eternally.

On their foreheads, pure and spotless,
Shines the Father's awful Name;
And these Saints so bright and glorious,
Out of tribulation came.

Now the voice of many waters,
Now the pealing thunder tone,
Now the harping of the harpers,
Tell of bliss and joy alone.

Onward, onward, ever onward!
Follow they the Lamb Most High,
Wheresoever Jesus goeth,
Nigh to Him for ever nigh.

Shepherd kind, we too would follow;
We are Thine, our Leader be,
Give us holy perseverance,
That Thy Glory we may see.

So on Sion's holy mountain,
In the dear Land far away,
With all pure and guileless spirits
We may dwell in endless Day.

Onward, onward, ever onward,
Following Thee, O Christ Most High,
Wheresoever, Lord, Thou goest,
Nigh to Thee, for ever nigh. Amen.

Funeral Hymn.

103 6 of 7.

BROTHER,* now thy toils are o'er,
Fought the battle, won the crown;
On life's rough and barren shore,
Thou hast laid thy burden down.
Grant him,† Lord, eternal rest,
With the Spirits of the blest.

Through the valley dim and dark,
Jesus guide thee in the gloom;
Shew thee where His footprints mark
Tracks of glory through the tomb.

Grant him, Lord, &c.

Angels bear thee to the land,
Where the towers of Sion rise;
Lead thee safely by the hand,
To the fields of Paradise.

Grant him, Lord, &c.

White-robed at the golden gate
Of the new Jerusalem,
May the host of Martyrs wait,
Welcome thee to dwell with them.

Grant him, Lord, &c.

* Or "Sister." † Or "Her."

Choirs of Angels over us,
Bear Christ's weak and trembling lamb,
To repose with Lazarus,
In the breast of Abraham.
Grant him, Lord, &c.

Rest in peace; the gates of Hell
Touch thee not till He shall come;
For the souls He loves so well,
He will gather safely home.
Grant him, Lord, &c.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Clay we give to kindred clay,
In the sure and certain trust,
Of the Resurrection-Day.
Grant him, Lord, &c.

Christ, the Sower, sows thee here;
When the reapers reap the corn,
He will gather in the ear,
On that Resurrection-morn.
Grant him, Lord, &c. Amen.

NOTE III

Should there be any difficulty with regard to *Tunes* for the more unusual Metres in this book, communication on the subject with the Editor is invited.

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